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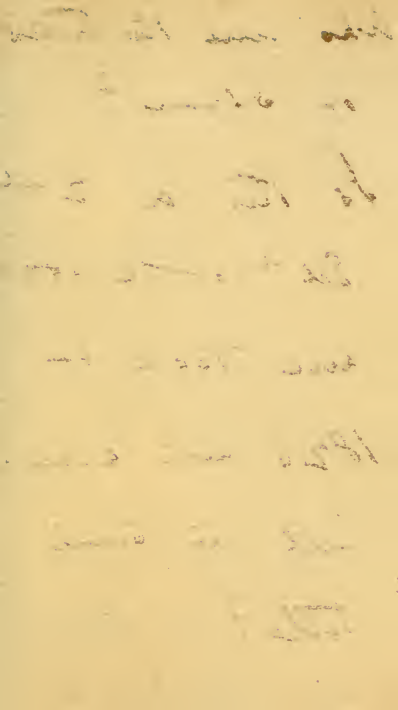
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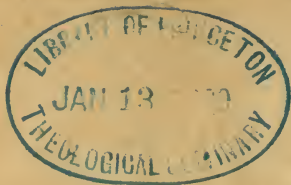


Harry D. W.

1872

Rev. B. W. W.





SECOND EDITION—IMPROVED.

A
CHOICE COLLECTION
OF
HYMNS,
AND
SPIRITUAL SONGS,
DESIGNED FOR THE
DEVOTIONS OF ISRAEL,
IN
PRAYER, CONFERENCE,
AND
CAMP-MEETINGS,
ALSO, A SUITABLE POCKET COMPAN-
ION FOR CHRISTIANS OF EVERY
DENOMINATION, ALTHO' NOT
NUMBERED AMONG

The Regular Tribes.

———“For there is no difference be-
tween the Jew and the Greek.”



CONCORD, N. H.

Published & sold wholesale & retail by

HOAG & ATWOOD.

1831.

DISTRICT OF NEW-HAMPSHIRE—TO WIT :

District Clerk's Office.

◆——◆ BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the
L. S. 20th day of May, A. D. 1830, and
◆——◆ in the fifty-fourth year of the In-
dependence of the United States
of America, HOAG & ATWOOD, of said
District, have deposited in this office the ti-
tle of a book the right whereof they claim
as proprietors in the words following, viz :
—"A Choice Collection of Hymns and Spir-
itual Songs, designed for the devotions of
Israel, in Prayer, Conference, and Camp-
Meetings. Also, a suitable Pocket Com-
panion for Christians of every denomina-
tion, although not numbered among the reg-
ular tribes. 'For there is no difference be-
tween the Jew and the Greek,'"—in con-
formity to the act of the Congress of the
United States, entitled, "An act for the en-
couragement of learning by securing the cop-
ies of maps, charts and books to the authors
and proprietors of such copies during the
times therein mentioned;" and also to an
act entitled, "an act supplementary to," an
act entitled an act for the encouragement
of learning by securing the copies of maps,
charts and books to the authors and propri-
etors of such copies, during the times there-
in mentioned, and extending the benefits
thereof to the arts of designing, engraving,
and etching historical and other prints."

CHARLES W. CUTTER, *Clerk of
the District Court of the United States for
the District of New-Hampshire.*

A true copy of Record—Attest—

CHARLES W. CUTTER, *Clerk.*

HYMNS.

HYMN 1.—C. M.

JERUSALEM, my happy home,
O how I long for thee !
When will my sorrows have an end ?
Thy joys when shall I see ?

2 Thy walls are all of precious stone,
Most glorious to behold ;
Thy gates are richly set with pearl,
Thy streets are pav'd with gold.

3 Thy garden and thy pleasant walks,
My study long have been ;
Such dazzling views of human sight,
Have never yet been seen.

4 If heaven be thus so glorious, Lord,
Why should I stay from thence ?
What folly's this that I should dread
To die and go from hence !

5 Reach down, O Lord, thine arm of grace,
And cause me to ascend,

4 HYMN 2.

Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths never end.

6 Jesus, my Lord to glory's gone,
Him will I go and see ;
And all my brethren here below,
Will soon come after me.

7 My friends I bid you all adieu,
I leave you in God's care,
And if I never more see you,
Go on, I'll meet you there.

8 When we've been there ten thousand
years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise,
Than when we first begun.

HYMN 2.—P. M.

AS near to Calvary I pass,
Methinks I see a bloody cross,
Where a poor victim hangs ;
His flesh with rugged irons tore,
His limbs all dress'd in purple gore,
Gasping in dying pangs.

2 Surpris'd the spectacle to see,
I ask'd, who can this victim be

In such exquisite pain ?
Why thus consign'd to woes, I cried,
" 'Tis I," the bleeding Son replied,
" To save a world from sin."

3 Jesus for rebel mortals dies ?
How can it be ! my soul replies,
What ! Jesus die for me ?
" Yes," saith the suff'ring Son of God,
" I give my life, I spill my blood,
For thee, poor soul, for thee."

4 Lord, since thy life thou'st freely giv'n,
To bring my wretched soul to heav'n,
And bless me with thy love,
Then at thy feet, O God, I'll fall,
Give thee my life, my soul, my all,
To reign with thee above.

HYMN 3.—P. M.

DARK and thorny is the desert
Thro' which pilgrims make their way;
Yet beyond this vale of sorrow,
Lie the fields of endless day :
Fiends loud howling through the desert,
Make them tremble as they go,
And the fiery darts of Satan
Often bring their courage low.

2 O young soldiers, are you weary
Of the roughness of the way ?

Does your strength begin to fail you ?
And your vigor to decay ?

Jesus, Jesus will go with you :

He will lead you to his throne ;
He who dyed his garments for you,
And the wine-press trod alone.

3 He whose thunder shakes creation,
He who bids the planets roll :
He who rides upon the tempest,
And whose sceptre sways the whole :
Round him are ten thousand angels,
Ready to obey command,
They are always hovering round you,
Till you reach the heavenly land.

4 There on flow'ry hills of pleasure,
Lie the fields of endless rest ?
Love, and joy, and peace forever
Reign and triumph in your breast.
Who can paint the scenes of glory
Where the ransomed dwell on high ;
There, on golden harps, forever
Sound redemption through the sky.

5 There's a million flaming seraph's
Who fly across the heav'nly plain ;
There they sing immortal praises ;
Glory, glory, is their strain.
But methinks a sweeter concert
Makes the heavenly arches ring :

And the song is heard in Zion,
Which the angels cannot sing.

- 6 O their crowns ! how bright they sparkle,
Such as monarchs never wore ;
They are gone to richer pastures,
Jesus is their shepherd there ;
Hail ! ye happy, happy spirits,
Death no more shall make you fear,
Grief nor sorrow, pain nor anguish,
Shall no more distress you there.
-

HYMN 4.—P. M.

SAW ye my Saviour ! Saw ye my Saviour !
Saw ye my Saviour God !
O he died on Calvary,
To atone for you and me,
And to purchase our pardon with blood.

- 2 He was extended, he was extended,
So painfully nail'd to the cross ;
There he bow'd his head and died,
'There my Lord was crucified,
To atone for a world that was lost.
- 3 Jesus hung bleeding, Jesus hung bleeding,
Three dreadful hours in pain ;
And the solid rocks were rent,
Through creation's vast extent,
When the Jews crucified the Lamb.

- 4 Darkness prevailed, darkness prevailed,
Darkness prevail'd o'er the land ;
And the sun refus'd to shine,
While his Majesty divine
Was derided, insulted and slain.
- 5 When it was finish'd, when it was finish'd,
And the atonement was made,
He was taken by the great,
And embalm'd in spices sweet,
And was in a new sepulchre laid.
- 6 Hail mighty Saviour, hail mighty Saviour,
Prince and the author of peace,
Soon he burst the bands of death,
And triumphant, from the earth,
He ascended to mansions of bliss.
- 7 There interceding, there interceding,
Pleading that sinners may live,
Crying, " See my hands and side,
Father, I was crucified
To redeem them, I pray thee forgive."
- 8 " I will forgive them, I will forgive them
When they repent and believe ;
Let them now return to thee,
And be reconcil'd to me,
And salvation they all shall receive."

HYMN 5.—C. M.

LORD! in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye.

2 Then to thine house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thy holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

3 Thou art a God before whose sight,
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

4 But they who love and fear thy name,
Shall see their hopes fulfilled;
The mighty God will compass them
With favor, as a shield.

5 O may my spirit guide my feet
In ways of truth and grace;
Make every path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.

HYMN 6.—C. M.

OUR country is Immanuel's ground,
We seek that promised soil:

The songs of Zion cheer our hearts,
While strangers here we toil.

2 Oft do our eyes with joy o'erflow,
And oft are bathed in tears ;
Yet naught but heaven our hopes can raise,
And naught but sin, our fears.

3 The flowers that spring along the road,
We scarcely stoop to pluck ;
We walk o'er beds of shining ore,
Nor waste one wishful look.

4 We tread the path our Master trod ;
We bear the cross he bore ;
And every thorn that wounds our feet,
His temple pierced before.

5 Our powers are oft dissolved away
In ecstasies of love ;
And while our bodies wander here,
Our souls are fixed above.

6 We purge our mortal dross away,
Refining as we run ;
But while we die to earth and sense,
Our heaven is here begun.

HYMN 7.—C. M.

O GOD of Bethel ! by whose hand
Thy people still are fed ;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led :

2 Our humble vows we now present
Before thy throne of grace ;
God of our fathers ! be the God
Of their succeeding race.

3 Through each perplexing path of life
Be thou our guard and guide ;
Each day's returning want supply,
And raiment fit provide.

4 O spread thy covering shield around,
Till these our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
We rest at last in peace :

5 Now in the humble voice of prayer,
Thy mercy we implore ;
Then with a grateful song of praise,
That mercy we'll adore.

HYMN 8.—L. M.

THERE is a God—all nature speaks,
Through earth, and air, and sea, & skies ;

See, from the clouds his glory breaks,
When the first beams of morning rise.

2 The rising sun serenely bright,
O'er the wide world's extended frame,
Inscribes in characters of light,
His mighty Maker's glorious name.

3 The flow'ry tribes all blooming rise,
Above the weak attempts of art ;
The smallest worms, the meanest flies,
Speak sweet conviction to the heart.

4 Ye curious minds, who roam abroad,
And trace creation's wonders o'er,
Confess the footsteps of the God ;—
Bow down before him—and adore.

HYMN 9.—C. M.

THIS is the feast of heav'nly wine,
And God invites to sup ;
The juices of the living vine
Were press'd to fill the cup.

2 Oh, bless the Saviour, ye who eat,
With royal dainties fed ;
Not heav'n affords a costlier treat
For JESUS is the bread !

3 The vile, the lost—he calls to them ;
 “ Ye trembling souls appear !
 “ The righteous in their own esteem,
 “ Have no acceptance here.

4 “ Approach, ye poor, nor dare refuse
 “ The banquet spread for you ;”
 Dear Saviour this is welcome news,
 Then I may venture too.

5 If guilt and sin afford a plea,
 And may obtain a place ;
 Surely the Lord will welcome me,
 And I shall see his face.

HYMN 10.—8, 7 & 4.

HARK ! the voice of love and mercy,
 Sounds aloud from Calvary ;
 See, it rends the rocks asunder—
 Shakes the earth, and veils the sky !
 “ It is finish’d!—
 Hear the Saviour— dying—cry.

2 It is finish’d !—O what pleasure
 Do these precious words afford !
 Heav’nly blessings, without measure,
 Flow to us from Christ the Lord.
 It is finish’d !—
 Saints, the dying words record.

- 3 Finish'd—all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law ;
Finish'd—all that God had promis'd ;
Death and hell no more shall awe :
It is finish'd !
Saints, from hence your comforts draw.
- 4 Ransom'd ones, approach the table—
Taste the soul reviving food :
Nothing's half so sweet and pleasant,
As the Saviour's flesh and blood.
It is finish'd—
Christ has borne the heavy load.
- 5 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
Join to sing the pleasing theme ;
All on earth and, all in heaven,
Join to praise Emmanuel's name,
Hallelujah !
Glory to the bleeding Lamb.
-

HYMN 11.—C. M.

- 1 Lift up your hearts to things above,
Ye followers of the Lamb ;
And join with us to praise his love,
And glorify his name.
- 2 To Jesus' name give thanks and sing,
Whose mercies never end ;

Rejoice ! rejoice ! the Lord is King !
The King is now our friend.

3 We for his sake count all things loss,
On earthly things look down ;
And joyfully sustain the cross,
Till we receive the crown.

4 O let us stir each other up,
Our faith by works approve ;
By holy purifying hope,
And the sweet work of love.

5 Let all who for the promise wait,
The holy ghost receive ;
And rise to our unseeing state—
With God in Eden live.

6 Live ! till the Lord in glory comes,
And wait his heaven to share ;
He now is fitting up your home,
Go on—I'll meet you there.

HYMN 12.—L. M.

I'VE listed in the holy war,
To fight for life and endless joy ;

And grace more boundless than the seas,
Is the rich wages I receive.

- 2 Under my Captain, Jesus Christ,
I now am listed during life,
To fight against the powers of hell,
In favor of Immanuel.
- 3 My Captain is the great I AM, [stand;
Against whose sword there's none can
But all before his word must fall,
For he has power to conquer all,
- 4 My great good Captain, mild and meek
Most kindly favors all the weak;
His servants all are chosen peers,
And all his soldiers volunteers.
- 5 From day to day, with living bread,
And rich provisions, I am fed,
Drawn from my Captain's well fill'd stores
On blest Canaan's happy shores.
- 6 Arm'd with my helmet, sword and shield,
I'll never quit the glorious field;
For Christ my Lord the victory won,
Then, O my soul, put courage on.
- 7 I'm listed, and I mean to fight,
Till all my foes are put to flight;

Though battles rage and wars increase,
Soon I shall reach a land of peace.

8 I'll God adore, obey his laws,
Nor coward prove in his good cause ;
But in his service firm abide,
Still fighting on Immanuel's side.

9 I've fought through many battles sore,
And ready stand to fight through more,
Trusting in Jesus' sacred name,
None in this holy war are slain.

10 I have a sword which when I wield,
The stoutest foes must quit the field ;
The word of God must e'er prevail,
Eternal truth can never fail.

11 Come sinners, then enlisted be,
And Christ our king shall make you free,
Come try his service, trust the Lord,
And heaven shall be your great reward.

HYMN 13.—P. M.

HAILED thou blest morn, when the great
Mediator !

Down from the regions of glory descends;
Shepherds, go worship the babe in the
manger,

Lo for his guard the bright angels attend;

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
ing,

Shine on our darkness and lend us
thine aid ;

Star in the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

2 Cold on his cradle the dew drops are shining,
ing,

Low lies his bed with the beasts of the
stall ;

Angels adore him in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all !
Brightest and best, &c.

3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edoin, and off'rings divine,
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the
ocean,

Myrrh from the forest, & gold from the
mine,

Brightest and best, &c,

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gold would his favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor,
Brightest and best, &c.

HYMN 14.—P. M.

DANIEL'S wisdom may I know,
Stephen's faith and spirit show;
John's divine communion feel,
Moses' meekness, Joshua's zeal,
Run like the unwearied Paul,
Win the day, and conquer all.

2 Mary's love may I possess,
Lydia's tender heartedness,
Peter's fervent spirit feel,
James' faith by works reveal;
Like young Timothy may I
Every sinful passion fly.

3 Job's submission may I show,
David's pure devotion know,
Samuel's call, O! may I hear,
Lazarus' happy portion share:
Let Isaiah's hallowed fire
All my new born soul inspire

4 Mine be Jacob's wrestling prayer,
Gideon's valiant steadfast care,
Joseph's purity impart,
Isaac's meditating heart:
Abram's friendship may I prove,
Faithful to the God I love.

5 Most of all may I pursue
The example Jesus drew;

In my life and conduct show
 How he liv'd and walked below;
 Day by day, through grace restor'd,
 Imitate my perfect Lord.

HYMN 15.—7's.

HAVE we all here met again?
 Have we all here met again?
 Hope oft shed a doubtful ray;
 Love maintain'd an anguish'd sway;
 Death and sorrow strove in vain—
 For we all have met again.

2 When by distance sever'd far,
 We have watch'd the evening star;
 When the moon with gentle reign,
 Silver'd o'er the sleeping plain,
 In the cool and silence there,
 Friendship breath'd for you her prayer.

3 When at midnight's awful hour,
 We have felt Reflection's power;
 When the storm its thunders pour'd,
 When the deep around us roar'd
 Still the heart to friendship true,
 In that hour remember'd you.

4 Guarded by our FATHER's hand,
 Safe alike by sea or land;
 From the weary long sojourn,

We at last in peace return.—
 So when Death dissolves our chain,
 May we meet in Heaven again.

HYMN 16.—5 & 11.

COME, let us anew
 Our journey pursue,
 Roll round with the year,
 And never stand still till the Master ap-
 His adorable will [pear?
 Let us gladly fulfil,
 And our talents improve [love.
 By the patience of hope and the labor of

2 Our life is a dream,
 Our time as a stream,
 Glides swiftly away,
 And the fugitive moment refuses to stay:
 The arrow is flown,
 The moment is gone :
 The millennial year [here.
 Rushes on to our view, and eternity's

3 O that each in the day
 Of his coming may say,
 'I have fought my way through,
 I have finish'd the work thou didst give
 me to do.'

O that each from his Lord
 May receive the glad word,
 'Well and faithfully done !

Enter into my joy, and sit down on my
 throne.'

HYMN 17.—P. M.

VITAL spark of heav'nly flame !

Quit, O quit this mortal frame :

Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,

O the pain, the bliss of dying !

Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,

And let me languish into life.

2 Hark ! they whisper, angels say,

“ Sister spirit come away ;

What is this absorbs me quite !

Steals my senses, shuts my sight ?

Drowns my spirit, draws my breath ?

Tell me, my soul, can this be death ?

3 The world recedes, it disappears !

Heav'n opens on my eyes—my ears

With sounds seraphic ring !

Lend, lend your wings, I mount ! I fly !

O grave, where is thy victory ?

O death, where is thy sting ?

HYMN 18.—8, 8, 6s.

O THOU that hear'st the pray'r of
faith,
Wilt thou not save a soul from death,
That casts itself on thee?
I have no refuge of my own,
But fly to what my Lord hath done,
And suffer'd once for me.

2 Slain in the guilty sinner's stead,
His spotless righteousness I plead,
And his availing blood :
'Thy righteousness my robe shall be,
Thy merit shall atone for me,
And bring me near to God.

3 Then snatch me from eternal death,
The spirit of adoption breathe,
His consolation send :
By him some word of life impart,
And sweetly whisper to my heart
"Thy Maker is thy friend."

4 The King of terrors then would be
A welcome messenger to me,
To bid me come away :
Unclogg'd by earth or earthly things,

I'd mount, I'd fly with eager wings,
To everlasting day.

HYMN 19.—12s.

THE voice of free grace, cries escape
to the mountain,
For Adam's lost race, Christ has opened
a fountain,
For sin, and transgression, and every
pollution ;
The blood flows most freely in streams
of salvation.
Hallelujah to the Lamb who has bless'd
us with pardon,
And we'll praise him again when we pass
over Jordan.

2 This fountain so clear, in which all
may find pardon,
From Jesus' side flows a plenteous re-
demption ;
Though your sins were as great and high
as a mountain,
The blood, it flows freely in streams of
salvation,
Hallelujah, &c.

3 O Jesus ride on ! thy kingdom is glorious ;
Over sin, death and hell thou wilt make us victorious,
Thy name shall be prais'd in the great congregation,
And saints shall delight in ascribing salvation.
Hallelujah, &c.

4 When on Zion we stand, having gain'd the blest shore,
With our harps in our hand, we will praise evermore ;
We'll range the blest fields, on the banks of the river,
And sing hallelujah forever and ever.
Hallelujah, &c.

HYMN 20.—7s.

THIS a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought :—
Do I love the Lord, or no ?
Am I his, or am I not !

2 If I love, why am I thus ?
Why this dull, this lifeless frame ?

Hardly, sure, can they be worse ;
Who have never heard his name.

3 Could my heart so hard remain,
Pray'r a task and burden prove—
Ev'ry trifle give me pain—
If I knew a Saviour's love?

4 When I turn my eyes within,
All is dark, and vain, and wild ;
Fill'd with unbelief and sin—
Can I deem myself a child?

5 If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mix'd with all I do ;
You who love the Lord indeed,
Tell me—is it so with you?

6 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall ;
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all?

7 Could I joy his saints to meet,
Choose the ways I once abhorr'd—
Find, at times, the promise sweet,
If I did not love the Lord ?

- 8 Lord, decide the doubtful case !
Thou art thy people's sun ;
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.
- 9 Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray ;
If I have not lov'd before,
Help me to begin to day.
-

HYMN 21.—C. M.

- W**E wander in a thorny maze,
A vale of doubts and fears ;
A night illum'd with sickly rays,
A wilderness of tears.
- 2 We wander, bound to empty show,
The slaves of boasted will ;
We wander, dupes to hope untrue,
And love to wander still.
- 3 We wander—while unfading joy,
We ne'er with zest approve ;
The bliss, that sparkles to destroy,
Secures our warmest love.

- 4 Some syren leads our steps astray,
But speaks no peace within ;
We wander in a flow'ry way,
We wander heirs of sin !
- 5 We wander, but tho' oft we roam
Led by allurements strong ;
Yet from our heav'nly Father's home,
We would not wander long !
- 6 Cleanse us, O Saviour! from this stain,
In mercy's living flood ;
Restore the lost, and bring again
The wand'ers back to God.
-

HYMN 22.—7s.

WHILE with ceaseless course the
sun,
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here ;
Fixt in an eternal state,
They have done with all below ;
We a little longer wait,
But how little none can know.

2 As the winged arrow flies,
Speedily the mark to find ;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind ;
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream ;
Upwards, Lord, our spirits raise, ,
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive,
Pardon of our sins renew ;
Teach us, henceforth, how to live
With eternity in view :
Bless thy word to young and old,
Fill us with a Saviour's love ;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with thee above.

HYMN 23.—P. M.

LET us rise and go to Zion's hill,
Where all in peace and glory dwell,
And sit and sing to God our King,
And praise his name forevermore.

CHORUS.

I'll march to Canaan's land,
I'll land on Canaan's shore,

Where pleasures never end,
And troubles come no more ;
I'll go and see what joys are there.

2 Fare you well, my friends, I must be
gone,
I have no home nor stay with you,
I'll take my staff and travel on,
Till I a better world can view.
I'll march, &c.
Farewell, my loving friends, farewell.

3 Happy soul, just gone from earth to
heaven,
He flies to distant worlds above,
No more in this poor house of clay,
He dwells with God around the
throne.
I'll march, &c.
Where pain and death can never
come,

4 We will go, like him, to see our God,
And change this earth for heaven a-
bove ;
Come dry your tears, Christ is your
friend,

He came to save poor sinful men.

I'll march, &c.

In him our sorrows will soon end.

5 Travel on to blest eternity,
Where Jesus waits for us to come,
In death's dark gloom shout victory,
And rise to your eternal home.

I'll march, &c.

Where fear and change shall be no
more.

6 Golden joys above, where Jesus
dwells,
His love is full for every saint,
Fountain of life immortal flows,
Through heavenly worlds without res-
traint.

I'll march, &c.

All's mine, if faithful here below.

HYMN 24.—L. M.

A WAKE, my soul, shake off the
dream,

And know thy real excellence ;
Too long I've yielded to the stream,
Borne down by appetite and sense.

- 2 Awake, my thought, rouse every power,
Thy native dignity display :
Let lust and passion reign no more,
No longer own their lawless sway.
- 3 Thy temper meek and humble be,
Content and pleased with every state;
From dire revenge and envy free,
And wild ambition to be great.
- 4 Confine thy roving appetites ;
From this vain world withdraw thine
eyes ;
And raise them to those pure delights,
Which none can taste below the skies.
- 5 On wings of faith to heaven ascend,
By hope anticipate the feast ;
With all thy might still upward tend,
And leave to sensual minds the rest.
-

HYMN 25.—S. M.

LET party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread ;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ their head.

- 2 Among the saints on earth
Let mutual love be found ;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crowned.
- 3 Envy and strife be gone,
And only kindness known,
Where all one common Father have,
One common Master own.
- 4 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above ;
Where springs of purest pleasure rise,
And every heart is love.
-

HYMN 26.—P. M.

HAIL ye hosts of Seraph's bright !
I come to join your symphony,
Forever here to take delight
In your melodious company.
My suff'rings and my toils are o'er,
I now have reached the blissful shore,
And floods of light begin to roll,
And burst upon my ravish'd soul.

CHORUS.

O sound his praise ye heavenly choir,
He sav'd us from the burning fire.

- 2 Farewell ye fading things of time,
No more your false attraction
Can move this peaceful heart of mine,
My joys are everlasting.
Long I withstood the powers of hell,
And Jesus was my glorious shield ;
Now I've got through the wilderness,
And glory to my great High Priest.

CHORUS.

O sound his praise, &c.

- 3 Jesus looks with smiles of love,
And angels bid me welcome ;
The patriarchs and prophets all
Reach forth the hand of friendship.
My christian neighbors here I find,
My kindred and my distant friends ;
'The song of Moses now I'll join,
While heaven and glory all are mine.

CHORUS.

O sound his praise, &c.

- 4 Now I see my God and King,
With grateful admiration,
His ways, his works, his name I'll sing,
In flaming adoration.
His everlasting glory shines,
Diffusing light and joys divine

To millions in the heavenly clime,
While heaven & glory they are mine.

CHORUS.

O sound his praise, &c.

- 5 Thro' boundless fields of endless light,
My mind is left to ponder ;
I sail through seas of glory bright,
O glorious scenes of wonder !
Angelic notes, in highest strains,
And holy saints his love proclaim,
While loud hosannas to his name
Are ringing through the blissful plain.

CHORUS.

O sound his praise ye heavenly choir,
He sav'd us from the burning fire.

HYMN 27.--8, 7s.

SINNERS, take the friendly warning--
Soon that awful day shall break,
And the trumpet with its dawning,
All the slumb'ring millions wake.

- 2 See assembled ev'ry nation !—
Lofty cities, temples, tow'ers,
Wrapt in dreadful conflagration,
Earth and sea the flame devours.

- 3 Ye, who to the world dissemble,
While you practice deeds of night,
Sinners, now behold and tremble;
All your crimes are brought to light.
- 4 Lost in ease, or carnal pleasure,
Sporting on the burning brink;
Now, you say, you have no leisure,
You can find no time to think.
- 5 Ye—who now, conviction stifling,
Waste your time—the loss deplore;
Hear the angel—cease your trifling—
“Time,” he cries, “shall be no
more.”
- 6 Pause, and hear the voice of reason—
Catch the moments as they fly—
You who lose the present season,
You must all find time to die.
-

HYMN 28.—8, 7, & 4.

Farewell to missionaries.

GO, Ye heralds of salvation,
Go proclaim, Redeeming blood;
Publish to that barb'rous nation,
Peace and pardon from our God:

Tell the heathen,
None but Christ can do them good.

2 While the gospel trump you're sound-
May the Spirit seal the word, [ing
And, thro' sov'reign grace abounding,
Heathen bow and own the Lord ;
Idols leaving,
God alone shall be ador'd.

3 Distant tho' our souls are blending,
Still our hearts are warm and true ;
In our pray'rs to heav'n ascending,
Brethren—we'll remember you ;
Heav'n preserve you,
Safely all your journey through.

4 When your mission here is finish'd,
And your work on earth is done,
May your souls, by grace replenish'd,
Find acceptance thro' the Sou ;
Thence admitted,
Dwell forever near his throne.

5 Loud hosannas now resounding,
Make the heavenly arches ring :
Grace to sinful men abounding,

Ransom'd millions sweetly sing ;
 While with rapture,
 All adore their heav'nly King.

HYMN 29.—C. M.

Coronation of Christ.

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name !
 Let angels prostrate fall ;
 Bring forth the royal diadem,
 And crown him—Lord of all.

2 Crown him, ye morning stars of light,
 Who fix'd this floating ball ;
 Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
 And crown him—Lord of all.

3 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
 Who from his altar call :
 Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
 And crown him—Lord of all.

4 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
 Ye ransom'd from the fall,
 Hail him who saves you by his grace,
 And crown him—Lord of all.

5 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget,
The wormwood and the gall;
Go spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him—Lord of all.

6 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him—Lord of all.

HYMN 30.—7 & 6.

The way to Heaven.

CALL'D to a sense of duty,
I would obey the call;
And for the sake of Jesus,
I freely give up all,
My former vain enjoyments,
Of pleasure, pride, and gain;
That I in Jesus's kingdom
A mansion may obtain.

2 How often have I struggled
To hold some foolish sin;
Yet, to the heavenly kingdom
I meant to enter in;
But now I am persuaded
That nothing else will do

But Jesus for my portion,
And holy joys pursue.

3 Let all the world's gay beauty,
And Satan's flatt'ring bait,
With all their pride and grandeur,
Around my soul await :
The far superior beauty
Through faith I see ahead ;
And I am bent upon it
This holy way to tread.

4 Come, who will travel with me
The way that leads to heaven ?
And follow none but Jesus
The way which he hath giv'n ;
And take his word for counsel,
His spirit for a guide ;
And make a full surrender
Of every thing beside.

5 Come on, my precious brethren,
And travel on with me ;
We'll seek for heav'nly treasure
Until we find the sea
Of sweet unbounded riches,
Of life, and love and peace,

Where beauty never withers,
And glory ne'er shall cease.

3 What, though the world reproach us,
And say we're mean and poor,
No matter what we suffer,
If we can reach the shore :
'Twill make the glory sweeter,
And raise the praises high'r ;
And we shall be completer,
When purified by fire.

HYMN 31.—7s.

The resurrection and ascension.

ANGELS ! roll the rock away !
Death ! yield up the mighty prey :
See ! he rises from the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom.
Hallelujah ! praise the Lord !

2 'Tis the Saviour ! angels, raise
Fame's eternal trump of praise !
Let the earth's remotest bound
Hear the joy-inspiring sound.
Hallelujah ! Praise the Lord !

3 Now, ye saints, lift up your eyes !

Now to glory see him rise,
 In long triumph, up the sky—
 Up to waiting worlds on high. Hal.

- 4 Praise him, all ye heavenly choirs!
 Praise, and sweep your golden lyres!
 Shout, O earth, in rapturous song,
 Let the strains be sweet and strong!
 Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!

HYMN 32.—C. M.

*Godly sorrow arising from the sufferings of
 Christ.*

A LAS! and did my Saviour bleed!
 And did my Sovereign die?
 Would he devote that sacred head
 For such a worm as I?

CHORUS.

“O the Lamb, the loving Lamb,
 The Lamb on Calvary,
 The Lamb was slain and lives again,
 To intercede for me.”

- 2 Thy body slain, sweet Jesus, thine,
 And bath'd in its own blood,

- While, all expos'd to wrath divine,
The glorious sufferer stood !
- Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groan'd upon the tree ?
Amazing pity, grace unknown !
And love beyond degree !
- Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God, the mighty Maker, died,
For man, the creature's sin.
- Thus I might hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes in tears.
- But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe :
Here, Lord, I give myself away ;
'This all that I can do.
-

HYMN 33.—L. M.

Gethsemane.

- T**HIS midnight—and on Olive's brow,
The star is dimm'd that lately
shone ;

'Tis midnight—in the garden now,
The suff'ring Saviour prays alone.

2 'Tis midnight—and from all remov'd
Immanuel wrestles alone, with fears
E'en the disciple that he lov'd
Heeds not his Master's grief and tear

3 'Tis midnight—and for others' guilt
The man of sorrow weeps in blood:
Yet he that hath in anguish knelt,
Is not forsaken by his God.

4 'Tis midnight—and from ether plains
Is borne the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Savior's wo

HYMN 34.—L. M.

The Star of Bethlehem.

WHEN marshall'd on the nightly plain
The glittering host bestud the sky;
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

2 Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;

But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the star of Bethlehem.

Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawn'd, and rudely blow'd
The wind that toss'd my foundering bark.

Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death struck, I ceas'd the tide to stem :
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the star of Bethlehem.

It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark forebodings cease ;
And through the storm and dangers thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

Now safely moor'd—my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem ;
Forever and forevermore,
The star—the star of Bethlehem.

HYMN 35.—S. M.

Lamb of God.

NOT all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

- 2 But Christ the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away ;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they,
- 3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine—
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.
- 4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.
- 5 Believing, we rejoice.
To see the curse remove ;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice
And sing his bleeding love.
-

HYMN 36.—C. M.

Fountain.

THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins ;
And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

- 2 The dying chief rejoic'd to see
That fountain in his day ;

And there may I, as vile as he
Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd church of God
Be say'd to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream,
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be—till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy pow'r to save ;
When this poor, lisping, stamm'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

HYMN 37.—C. M.

Efficacious Grace.

HAIL ! mighty Jesus ! how divine
Is thy victorious sword !
The stoutest rebel must resign
At thy commanding word.

2 Deep are the wounds thine arrows give,
They pierce the hardest heart ;
Thy smiles of grace the slain revive,
And joy succeeds to smart.

- 2 Still gird thy sword upon thy thigh ;
 Ride with majestic sway :
 Go forth, sweet prince, triumphantly,
 And make thy foes obey.
- 5 And when thy victories are complete,
 When all the chosen race
 Shall round the throne of glory, meet
 To sing thy conquering grace ;
- 5 O may my humble soul be found
 Among that favor'd band !
 And I, with them, thy praise will sound
 Throughout Immanuel's land.

HYMN 38.—L. M.

The example of Christ.

MY dear Redeemer, and my Lord,
 I read my duty in thy word :
 But in thy life the law appears,
 Drawn out in living characters.

- 2 Such was thy truth and such thy zeal,
 Such deference to thy father's will,
 Such love, and meekness so divine,
 I would transcribe, and make them mine.
- 3 Cold mountains, and the midnight air,
 Witness'd the fervor of thy prayer ;

The desert thy temptations knew,
'Thy conflict, and thy victory too.

- 4 Be thou my pattern ; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here ;
Then God the Judge, shall own my name,
Among the followers of the Lamb.

HYMN 39.—C. M.

Devotion.

WHILST thee I seek, protecting pow'r
Be my vain wishes still'd ;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be fill'd.

- 2 Thy love the power of tho't bestow'd,
To thee my thoughts would soar :
Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd ;
That mercy I adore.

- 3 In each event of life, how clear
'Thy ruling hand I see !
Each blessing to my soul most dear,
Because conferr'd by thee.

- 4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

5 When gladness wings my favor'd hour
Thy love my thoughts shall fill ;
Resign'd, when storms of sorrow low'r
My soul shall meet thy will.

6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see ;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear,
That heart will rest on thee,

HYMN 40.—P. M.

THE Lord into his garden comes,
The spices yield a rich perfume,
'The lilies grow and thrive :'
Refreshing showers of grace divine,
From Jesus flow to every vine,
And make his people one.

2 O that this dry and barren ground
In springs of water may abound,
A fruitful soil become !
The desert blossom as the rose,
When Jesus conquers all his foes,
And makes his people one.

3 The glorious time is rolling on,
'The gracious work is now begun,
My soul a witness is :
I taste and see the pardon free,

For all mankind as well as me,
Who come to Christ may live.

- 4 The worst of sinners here may find
A Saviour pitiful and kind,
Who will them all receive !
None are too late who will repent ;
Out of one sinner legions went ;
Jesus did him relieve.
- 5 Come brethren, all who love the Lord,
And taste the sweetness of his word,
In Jesus' ways go on ;
Our troubles and our trials here,
Will only make us richer there,
When we arrive at home.
- 6 We feel that heaven is now begun,
It issues from the shining throne
Of Jesus Christ on high ;
It comes like floods, we can't contain,
We drink, and drink, and drink again,
And yet for more we cry.
- 7 But when we come to reign above,
And all surround a throne of love,
We'll drink a full supply !
Jesus will lead his armies through,
To living fountains where they flow,
Which never will run dry.

8 There we shall reign and shout and sing,
 And make the heavenly regions ring,
 When all the saints get home !
 Come on, come on, my brethren dear,
 Soon shall we meet together there,
 For Jesus bids us come.

9 Amen, amen, my soul replies,
 I'm bound to meet you in the skies,
 And claim my mansion there ; [hand,
 Now here's my heart, now here's my
 To meet you in that heavenly land,
 Where we shall part no more.

10 There on that peaceful happy shore,
 We'll sing and shout our suffering o'er,
 In sweet redeeming love :
 We'll shout and praise our conq'ring king,
 Who died himself that he might bring
 Us rebels home to God.

HYMN 41.—P. M.

There's nothing true but heaven.

THIS world is all a fleeting show,
 For man's illusion given ;
 The smiles of joy, the tears of woe
 Deceitful shine, deceitful flow ;
 There's nothing true but heaven.

- 2 Poor wand'ers of a stormy day,
From wave to wave are driven ;
And fancy's flash and reason's ray,
Serve but to light us on the way ;
There's nothing calm but heaven.
- 3 And false the light on glory's plume
As fading hues at even ;
And genius' bud and beauty's bloom
Are blossoms gather'd from the tomb ;
There's nothing bright but heaven.
- 4 And where's the hand held out to cheer
The heart with anguish riven ;
For sorrows, sighs, and trouble's tear,
Have never found a refuge here ;
There's nothing kind but heaven.
- 5 In vain do mortals sigh for bliss,
Without their sins forgiven ;
True pleasure, everlasting peace,
Are only found in God's free grace ;
There's nothing good but heaven.
- 6 From such as walk in wisdom's road,
Corroding fears are driven ;
They're wash'd in Christ's atoning blood ;
Enjoy communion with their God,
And find their way to heaven.

HYMN 42.—P. M.

Indian Hymn.

IN de dark wood, no Indian nigh,
 Den me look heaven and send up cry;
 Upon my knee so low;
 Den God on high in shining place,
 See me in night wid teary face,
 De priest he tell me so.

2 He send he angel take me care,
 He come heself to hear me prayer,
 If Indian heart do pray;
 He see me now, he know me here,
 He say, poor Indian neber fear,
 Me wid you night and day.

3 So me lub God wid inside heart,
 He fight for me, he take um part,
 He save um life before;
 God lub poor Indian in the wood,
 Den me lub God and dat be good!
 Me pray him two times more.

 HYMN 43.—L. M.,
For the Lord's Supper.

THIS feast was Jesus' high behest,
 This cup of thanks his last request:
 Ye, who can feel his worth, attend,
 Eat, drink, in memory of your friend.

- 2 Around the patriot's bust ye throng,
Him ye exalt in swelling song :
For him the wreath of glory bind,
Who freed from vassilage his kind :
- 3 And shall not he your praises reap,
Who rescues from the iron sleep ?
The great deliverer, whose breath
Unbinds the captives e'en of death ?
- 4 Shall he, who, fellow-men to save,
Became a tenant of the grave,
Unthanked, uncelebrated rise,
Pass unremember'd to the skies ?
- 5 Christians ! unite with loud acclaim
To hymn the Saviour's welcome name :
On earth extol his wondrous love ;
Repeat his praise in worlds above.

HYMN 44.—C. M.

Zeal and vigor in the Christian Race.

A WAKE, my soul ! stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on :
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

- 2 A cloud of witnesses around,
Hold thee in full survey :

Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high ;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye :—

4 That prize with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victors' wreaths' and monarchs'
gems
Shall blend in common dust.

5 My soul, with sacred ardor fired,
The glorious prize pursue ;
And cheerful hear my Master's call,
To bid this earth adieu.

HYMN 45.—C. M.

Trust in God under the trials of Virtue.

WHEN from the verge of youth, my
mind
Life's opening scene surveyed ;
I viewed its ills of various kind,
Afflicted and afraid.

2 But chief, my fear the dangers moved,
That virtue's path enclose ;

My heart the wise pursuit approved,
But oh ! what toils oppose !

3 For see, while yet her unknown ways
With doubtful step I tread,
A hostile world its terrors raise,
Its snares delusive spread.

4 O how shall I, with heart prepared,
Those terrors learn to meet ?
How, from the thousand snares to guard
My inexperienced feet ?

5 Let faith suppress each rising fear,
Each anxious doubt exclude ;
My Maker's will has placed me here,
A Maker wise and good.

6 He to my every trial knows
Its just restraints to give ;
Attentive to behold my woes,
And faithful to relieve.

7 Tho' griefs unnumbered throng thee round
Still in thy God confide,
Whose finger marks the seas their bound,
And curbs the rolling tide.

HYMN 46.—P. M.

In a Thunder Storm.

LET coward guilt, with pallid fear
To sheltering caverns fly,
And justly dread the vengeful fate,
That thunders through the sky.

2 Protected by that hand, whose law
The threatening storms obey,
Intrepid virtue smiles secure
As in the blaze of day.

3 In the thick cloud's tremendous gloom,
The lightning's lurid glare,
It views the same all-gracious Power,
That breathes the vernal air.

4 Through nature's ever-varying scene,
By different ways pursued,
The one eternal end of Heaven,
Is universal good.

5 With like beneficent effect
O'er flaming ether glows,
As when it tunes the linnet's voice,
And blushes in the rose.

6 When through creation's vast expanse,
The last dread thunders roll,

Untune the concord of the spheres,
And shakes the guilty soul :

7 Unmoved may we the final storm
Of jarring worlds survey,
That ushers in the tranquil morn
Of life's eternal day.

HYMN 46.—8, 7.

The Judgment Day.

LO! he comes, with clouds descending,
Once for man's redemption slain ;
Countless hosts of saints and angels
Swell the triumph of his train.
Hallelujah !
Jesus comes, and comes to reign.

2 Hark ! the mountain's base is rending !
Shakes the wide creation round !
Hear the trump, the Judge proclaiming,
Thro' the realms of death resound !
How the summons
Will the scoffer's heart confound !

3 At that call, the dead awaking,
Rise to life from earth and sea !
All the powers of wondering nature,
At his voice prepare to flee.

Careless sinner,
What will then become of thee ?

- 4 But ye blest, who pant to see him,
Clothed in majesty divine,
Long his name who've loved and honor'd,
Then may say—his God is mine :
Gracious Saviour,
Own us in that day for thine.
-

HYMN 48.— 8, 7.

Funeral Hymn.—The Emblems of Death.

SEE the leaves around us falling,
Dry and withered to the ground ;
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
In a sad and solemn sound :—

- 2 “ Sons of Adam, (once in Eden,
Where, like us, he blighted fell,)
Hear the lesson we are reading ;
Mark the awful truth to tell :
- 3 “ Youth, on length of days presuming,
Who the paths of pleasure tread :
View us, late in beauty blooming,
Numbered now among the dead :
- 4 “ What though yet no losses grieve you,
Gay with health and many a grace,

Let not cloudless skies deceive you :
Summer gives to autumn place.

5 " Yearly in our course returning,
Messengers of shortest stay,
'Thus we preach this truth concerning,
Heaven and earth shall pass away."

6 On the tree of life eternal,
O let all our hopes be laid :
This alone, for ever vernal,
Bears a leaf that shall not fade.

HYMN 49.—7, 6.

Missionary Hymn.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand ;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle ;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile ;
In vain with lavish kindness

The gifts of God are strown ;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny ?
Salvation ! O salvation !
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story ;
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole ;
Till o'er our ransom'd nature,
The Lamb of sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
Returns in bliss to reign.

HYMN 50.—L. M.

A Funeral Hymn.

UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb !
Take this new treasure to thy trust :
And give these sacred relics room
To slumber in thy silent dust.

- 2 No pain, no grief, no anxious fear
Invade thy bounds ; no mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch its soft repose.
- 3 So Jesus slept ; God's dying Son
Passed through the grave, and blessed the
bed ;
Then rest, dear saint, till from his throne,
The morning break, and pierce the shade.
- 4 Break, sacred morning, from the skies !
'Then, clothed anew in bright array,
Immortal form ! to life arise,
And swell the song of endless day.

HYMN 51.—H. M.*Nativity of Christ.*

HARK ! what celestial sounds,
What music fills the air !
Soft warbling to the morn,
It strikes the ravished ear :
Now all is still,
Now wild it floats
In tuneful notes,
Loud, sweet, and shrill.

- 2 Th' angelic hosts descend,
With harmony divine :
See how from heaven they bend
And in full chorus join.

Fear not, say they,
Great joy we bring :
Jesus, your king
Is born to-day.

- 3 He comes, your souls to save
From death's eternal gloom ;
To realms of bliss and light
He lifts you from the tomb.

Your voices raise,
With sons of light,
Your songs unite
Of endless praise.

- 4 Glory to God on high !
Ye mortals, spread the sound,
And let your raptures fly
To earth's remotest bound.

For peace on earth,
From God in Heaven
'To man is given,
At Jesus' birth.

HYMN 52.—L. M.

The Spiritual Warfare.

ARISE, my soul ! shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armor on ;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where thy great Captain, Christ, has gone

- 2 Sin and the world resist thy course :
But these, my soul ! are vanquished foes ;
For Jesus nailed them to the cross,
And sang the triumph when he rose.
- 3 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate ;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.
- 4 There shall I wear a victor's crown,
And triumph in th' Almighty's grace !
There all the just, in chorus joined,
Unite to celebrate his praise.
-

HYMN 53.—L. M.

Perseverance in the Christian life.

BROAD is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there ;
While wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there a traveller.

- 2 "Deny thyself and take thy cross,"
Is the Redeemer's great command ;
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would win this heavenly land.
- 3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,
And treads the path of life no more,

Forgets what joys await thy saints,
And makes his own destruction sure.

- 4 Let not my hopes, like such, be vain ;
But striving with thy faithful few,
May I that pledge of glory gain,
Which false pretenders never knew.
-

HYMN 54.—P. M.—8.

Christian Unity.

FROM whence doth this union arise,
That hatred is conquered by love ;
It fastens our souls in such ties,
That nature and time can't remove

- 2 It cannot in Eden be found,
Nor yet in a paradise lost ;
It grows on Immanuel's ground,
And Jesus' rich blood it did cost.
- 3 My friends are so dear unto me,
Our hearts all united in love ;
Where Jesus is gone we shall be,
In yonder blest mansions above.
- 4 O why then so loth do we part,
Since we shall ere long meet again,

Engrav'd on Immanuel's heart ;
At a distance we cannot remain.

5 And when we shall see that bright day,
United with angels above,
No longer confined to our clay,
O'erwhelm'd in the ocean of love.

6 O then with our Jesus we'll reign,
And all his bright glory shall see,
And sing hallelujah, amen,
Amen, even so let it be.

HYMN 55.—L. M.

The day of Probation and Hope.

LIFE is the time to serve the Lord !
The time t' insure thy great re-
ward ;
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
To thee the sinner may return.

2 Life is the season thou hast given,
To fit us for the joys of heaven ;
Fast fleets that hour of grace away,
And who its rapid course can stay ?

- 3 The living know that they must die,
 But all the dead unconscious lie ;
 Their memory and their sense is gone,
 Alike unknowing and unknown.
- 4 There are no acts of pardon passed
 In the cold grave, to which we haste ;
 Oblivion, darkness, and despair,
 Still reign in gloomy silence there.
- 5 Then the great work we have to do,
 Let us with all our might pursue :
 And wisely every hour employ,
 Till faith and hope are lost in joy.

HYMN 56.—C. M.

The Way of the Righteous and the Wicked.

BLEST is the man, who shuns the
 place
 Where sinners love to meet ;
 Who fears to tread in folly's ways,
 And hates the scoffer's seat ;

- 2 But in thy perfect statutes, Lord !
 Has placed his chief delight ;
 By day devoutly reads thy word,
 " And meditates by night.

- 3 He, like a tree of generous kind,
By living waters set,
Safe from the storm and blasting wind,
Enjoys a peaceful state,
- 4 Green as the leaf and ever fair
Shall his profession shine :
While fruits of holiness appear,
Like clusters on the vine.
- 5 Not so the impious and unjust :
What vain designs they form ;
Their hopes are swept away like dust,
Or chaff before the storm.
- 6 How shall they bear at last to stand
Before that judgment-seat,
Where all the saints at thy right hand
In full assembly meet ?

HYMN 57.—C. M.*Walking with God.*

O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame ;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus, and his word?
- 3 What peaceful hours I then enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But now I find an aching void
The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove! return
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

HYMN 58.—P. M.

WHEN shall we three meet again?
When shall we three meet again?

Oft shall glowing hope expire,
Oft shall wearied love retire;
Oft shall death and sorrow reign,
E'er we three shall meet again.

2 Though in distant lands we sigh,
Parch'd beneath a hostile sky;
Though the deep between us roll,
Friendship shall unite our souls;
And in fancy's wide domain
Oft shall we three meet again.

3 When our burnish'd locks are grey,
Thinn'd by many a toil spent day;
When around this youthful pine,
Moss shall creep and ivy twine;
Long may this lov'd bower remain;
Here may we three meet again.

4 When the dreams of life are fled,
When its wasted lamps are dead,
When in cold oblivion's shade,
Beauty, wealth, and fame are laid;

Where immortal spirits reign,
There may we all meet again.

HYMN 59.—8, 7.

Grateful recollection.

COME, thou Fount of ev'ry blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace ;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above :
Praise the mount—I'm fix'd upon it—
Mount of God's unchanging love.

2 Here I raise my Eben-Ezer,
Hither by thy help I'm come ;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger
Wand'ring from the fold of God ;
He to rescue me from danger,
Interpos'd with precious blood.

3 Oh ! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrain'd to be !
Let that grace now, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee :

Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart—O take and seal it;
Seal it for thy courts above.

HYMN 60.—C. M.

WHAT heavenly music do I hear,
Salvation sounding free;
Ye souls in bondage lend an ear,
This is the Jubilee.

2 How sweetly do the tidings roll,
All round from sea to sea,
From land to land, from pole to pole,
This is the Jubilee.

3 Good news, good news, to Adam's
race,
Let Christians all agree
To sing redeeming Love and Grace,
This is the Jubilee.

4 The gospel sounds a sweet release
To all in misery,
And bids them welcome home to
peace,
This is the Jubilee,

- 5 Jesus is on his mercy, seat,
Before him bend the knee ;
Let heaven and earth his praise repeat,
This is the Jubilee.
- 6 Sinners, be wise, return and come
Unto the Saviour free ;
The Spirit bids you welcome home,
This is the Jubilee.
- 7 Come, ye redeem'd, your tribute
bring,
With songs of harmony ;
While on the road to Canaan sing,
This is the Jubilee.
-

HYMN 61.—C. M.

" O that I were as in months past."

SWEET was the time when first I felt
The Saviour's pardoning blood
Apply'd to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.

- 2 Soon as the morn the light reveal'd,
His praises tun'd my tongue ;

And, when the evening shades prevail'd,
His love was all my song.

In vain the tempter spreads his wiles,
The world no more could charm ;
I liv'd upon my Saviour's smiles,
And lean'd upon his arm.

In prayer my soul drew near the Lord
And saw his glory shine ;
And, when I read his holy word,
I call'd each promise mine.

Then to his saints I often spoke
Of what his love had done :
But now my heart is almost broke,
For all my joys are gone.

Now, when the evening shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns ;
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.

My prayers are now a chattering
noise,

For Jesus hides his face ;
 I read, the promise meets my eyes,
 But will not reach my case.

8 Now Satan threatens to prevail,
 And make my soul his prey :
 Yet, Lord, thy mercies cannot fail,
 O come without delay.

HYMN 62.—7's.

Tempted—but flying to Christ the refuge.

JESUS! lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly
 While the raging billows roll,—
 While the tempest still is high !
 Hide me, O my Saviour! hide,
 Till the storm of life is past ;
 - Safe into the haven guide ;
 Oh, receive my soul at last !

2 Other refuge have I none.—
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee !
 Leave, ah ! leave me not alone !
 Still support and comfort me !
 All my trust on thee is stay'd ;
 All my help from thee I bring :
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.

Thou, O Christ! art all I want :
All in all in thee I find :
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind :
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness,
Vile and full of sin I am—
Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with thee is found—
Grace to pardon all my sins :
Let the healing stream abound ;
Make and keep me pure within :
Thou of life the fountain art !
Freely let me take of thee !
Spring thou up within my heart,—
Rise to all eternity !

HYMN 63.—7, 6.

The Pilgrim's Song.

RISE, my soul! and stretch thy
wings,
Thy better portion trace :
Rise, from transitory things,
Towards heav'n, thy native place !
Sun, and moon, and stars, decay ;
Time shall soon this earth remove ;

Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepar'd above !

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course ;
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun :
Both speed them to their source ;
Thus a soul, new-born of God,
Pants to view his glorious face,
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims ! cease to mourn ;
Press onward to the prize :
Soon the Saviour will return
Triumphant in the skies :
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given,—
All your sorrows left below,
And earth exchang'd for heaven.

HYMN 64.—8, 8, 6s.

The Spiritual Pilgrim.

HOW happy is the pilgrim's lot,
How free from anxious care and
thought,
From worldly hope and fear !

Confin'd to neither court nor cell,
His soul disdains on earth to dwell,
He only sojourns here.

- 2 His happiness in part is mine ;
Already sav'd from self-design,
From ev'ry creature-love—
Bless'd with the scorn of finite good,
My soul is lighten'd of its load,
And seeks the things above.
- 3 The things eternal I pursue,
And happiness beyond the view
Of those who basely pant
For things by nature felt and seen :
Their honors, wealth, and pleasures
mean,
I neither have nor want.
- 4 Nothing on earth I call my own :
A stranger, to the world unknown,
I all their goods despise ;
I trample on their whole delight,
And seek a country out of sight,—
A country in the skies.

- 5 There is my house and portion fair :
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home :
For me my elder brethren stay ;
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come.
- 6 I come, thy servant, Lord ! replies,
I come to meet thee in the skies,
And claim my heavenly rest :
Now let the pilgrim's journey end :
Now—oh, my Saviour, brother,
friend !—
Receive me to thy breast !
-

HYMN 65.—L. M.

The Divine Perfections and Providence.

HIGH in the heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines:
Thy truth shall break through every
cloud
Which veils and darkens thy designs.

- 2 Thy justice like the hills remains,
Unfathomed depths thy mercies are ;
Thy providence the world sustains ;
The whole creation is thy care.

- 3 Since of thy goodness all partake,
With what assurance may the just
Thy sheltering wings their refuge
make,
And saints to thy protection trust.
- 4 Such guests shall to thy courts be led,
To banquet on thy love's repast,
And drink, as from the fountain-head,
Of joys which shall forever last.
- 5 O let thy saints thy favour gain,
To upright hearts thy truth display,
With thee the springs of life remain,
Thy presence is eternal day.
-

HYMN 66.—C. M.

The first and second coming of Jesus.

SING to the Lord, ye distant lands !
Ye tribes of every tongue !
His new-discovered grace demands
A new and nobler song.

- 2 Say to the nations, Jesus came
A guilty world to save ;
From vice and error to reclaim,
And rescue from the grave.

3 Let heaven proclaim the joyful day,
Joy through the earth be seen ;
Let cities shine in bright array,
And fields in cheerful green

4 With pleasure lift your wandering
eyes,
Ye islands of the sea !
Ye mountains ! sink ; ye valleys !
rise ;
Prepare the Saviour's way.

5 Behold, he comes ! he comes to bless
The nations from their God ;
To show the world his righteousness,
And send his truth abroad.

6 Again he comes with powerful voice
To wake the numerous dead,
And call his churches to rejoice
With their exalted Head.

7 When he, who is our life, draws
near,
And all his glory view,
His faithful servants shall appear
With him in glory too.

HYMN 67.—6 l. l. m.

God, our Shepherd.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's
care ;

His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye ;
My noonday walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant ;
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps he leads ;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile :
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage
crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

4 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill ;

For thou, O Lord ! art with me still ;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful
shade.

HYMN 68.—C. M.

Salvation.

SALVATION ! O, the joyful sound !
'Tis pleasure to our ears :
A sov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Bur'd in sorrow, and in sin.
At hell's dark door we lay ;
But we arise by grace divine
To see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation ! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

4 Salvation ! O, the bleeding Lamb,
To thee the praise belongs !
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

HYMN 69.—L. M.

The voice of God in his works.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining
frame,
'Their great original proclaim.
Th' unwearied sun from day to day
Doth his Creator's power display ;
And publishes to every land,
The work of an Almighty hand.

2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous
tale ;
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth :
Whilst all the stars which round her
burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to
pole.

3 What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball ;
What though no real voice nor sound,
Amidst their radiant orbs are found :

In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice ;
For ever singing, as they shine—
“ The hand that made us is divine.”

HYMN 70.—C. M.

Gratitude to God.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God!
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 Thy providence my life sustained,
And all my wants redressed,
When in the silent womb I lay,
Or hung upon the breast.

3 To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in prayer.

4 Unnumbered comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

- 5 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me
safe,
And led me up to man.
- 6 Through hidden dangers, toils, and
death,
It gently cleared my way ;
And through the pleasing snares of
vice,
More to be feared than they.
- 2 When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more ;
My ever grateful heart, O Lord !
Thy mercy shall adore.
-

HYMN 71.—L. M.

Divine Majesty and Goodness in the Elements.

A WAKE, my soul, to hymns of praise
To God the song of triumph raise ;
Adorned with majesty divine,
What pomp, what glory, Lord, are
thine !

- 2 Light forms his robe, and round his
head

The heavens their ample curtain
spread ;

See on the wind's expanded wings
The chariot of the King of kings !

3 Around him ranged in awful state,
Dark, silent storms attentive wait ;
And thunders ready to fulfil
The mandates of his sovereign will.

4 From earth's low margin to the skies,
He bids the dusky vapors rise !
Then from his magazines on high,
Commands th' imprisoned winds to fly.

5 The lightning's palid sheet expands,
And showers descend on furrowed
lands ;
While down the mountain's channel-
led side
The torrent rolls in swelling pride ?

6 Till spent its wild, impetuous force,
And settled in its destined course,
It waters all the fruitful plains,
And life in various forms sustains.

- 7 Thus, clouds, and storms, and fires
obey
Thy wise and all-controlling sway ;
And while thy terrors round us stand,
We see a father's bounteous hand.
-

HYMN 72.—8 & 7s. M.

Surrounding the Mercy-seat.

- F**AR from mortal cares retreating,
Sordid hopes and vain desires,
Here our willing footsteps meeting,
Every heart to heaven aspires.
From the fount of glory beaming,
Light celestial cheers our eyes ;
Mercy from above proclaiming,
Peace and pardon from the skies.

- 2 Who may share this great salvation ?
Every pure and humble mind ;
Every kindred, tongue, and nation,
From the dross of guilt refined ,
Blessings all around bestowing,
God witholds his care from none ;
Grace and mercy ever flowing
From the fountain of his throne.

- 3 Every stain of guilt confessing,
Deed unrighteous, thought of sin,

Seize, O seize the proffered blessing,
Grace from God and peace within.
Lord ; with favor still attend us,
Bless us with thy wondrous love ;
Thou, our sun and shield, defend us :
All our hope is from above.

HYMN 73.—P. M.

WANDERING pilgrims, mourning
christians,
Weak and tempted lambs of Christ,
Who endure great tribulation,
And with sins are much distress'd,
Christ has sent me to invite you
'To a rich and costly feast ;
Let not shame nor pride prevent you,
Come, the sweet provision taste.

2 If you have a heart lamenting,
And bemoan your wretched case,
Come to Jesus Christ repenting,
He will give you gospel grace.
If you want a heart to fear him,
Love and serve him all your days,
Only come to Christ and ask him,
He will guide your feet always.

3 If your heart is unbelieving,

Doubting Jesus' pardoning love,
Lay hard by Bethesda waiting,
Till the troubled waters move ;
If no man appears to help you,
All their efforts prove but talk,
Jesus, Jesus, he will cleanse you,
Rise, take up your bed and walk.

- 4 If like Peter you are sinking
In the sea of unbelief,
Wait with patience, always praying,
Christ will send you sweet relief,
He will give you grace and glory,
All your wants shall be suppli'd,
Canaan, Canaan lies before you,
Rise and cross the swelling tide.
- 5 Death shall not destroy your comfort,
Christ will guard you through the
gloom,
Down he'll send a heavenly convoy
To convey you to his home,
There you'll spend your days in
pleasure,
Free from ev'ry want and care ;
Come, O come, my blessed Saviour,
Fain my spirit would be there.

HYMN 74 — P. M.

COME all ye sons of Zion,
Who are waiting for salvation,
Have your lamps trimm'd and burn-
ing,
For behold the proclamation ;
Saying, all things are now ready,
For the poor and for the needy ;
All my fatlings now are killed,
And prepared on the table.

2 Arise and get ready,
Hasten to the marriage supper,
While the bridegroom is calling,
And poor sinners are falling.
See the Lord of life descending,
And the judgment trumpet sounding,
Which shall gather all the nations,
To the final judgment day,

3 O, what a happy meeting,
When salvation is completed,
And tribulation ended,
And the spotless robe prepared,
For the bride to be adorned,
In the jasper walls be crowned,
Singing worthy is the Lamb,
In the new Jerusalem.

- 4 O Sinners, dont be doubting,
While the sons of God are shouting,
Come and join the happy army, [you,
Then there's nothing that will harm
If you follow Christ the Saviour,
And break off your bad behaviour,
And repent and be converted,
You will sing his praises too.
-

HYMN 75.—L. M.

The Hiding Place.

HAIL, heavenly love, that first began
The scheme to rescue fallen man;
Hail matchless, free, eternal grace
That gave my soul a hiding place.

- 2 Against the God who rules the sky,
I fought with hands uplifted high;
Despis'd the offers of his grace,
Too proud to seek a hiding place.
- 3 Enwrapp'd in dark, Egyptian night,
And fond of darkness more than light,
Madly I ran the sinful race,
Secure, without a hiding place.

- 4 But lo ! the eternal counsel ran,
Almighty love arrest the man.
I felt the arrows of distress,
And found I had no hiding place.
- 5 Eternal justice stood in view,
To Sinai's fiery mount I flew,
But justice cried with frowning face,
This mountain is no hiding place.
- 6 But lo ! a heavenly voice I heard,
And mercy to my soul appear'd,
She led me on a pleasing place
To Jesus Christ my hiding place.
- 7 Should storms of sevenfold thunder
roll
And shake the globe from pole to pole
No thunderbolt would daunt my face,
For Jesus is my hiding place.
- 8 A few more rolling suns at most,
Will land me safe on Canaan's coast;
Where I shall sing the song of grace,
Safe in my glorious hiding place.

HYMN 76.—C. M.

The excellence of the Scriptures.

FATHER of mercies ! in thy word
What endless glory shines !
For ever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines.

2 Here, may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find ;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here, the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast ; [knows,
More precious fruits than nature
Invite the longing taste.

4 Here, springs of consolation rise
To cheer the fainting mind ;
And thirsty souls receive supplies,
And sweet refreshment find.

5 O may the gospel ever be
Our study and delight ;
And still new beauties may we see
And still increasing light !

HYMN 77.—7's.

The Ascension and Exaltation of Jesus.

HALL the day that sees him rise,
Ravished from our wishful eyes;
Christ, awhile to mortals given,
Now ascends the highest heaven.

2 There the pompous triumph waits,
Lift up your heads, eternal gates;
Wide unfold the radiant scene,
Take th' exalted Jesus in.

3 Him though highest heaven receives,
Still he loves the world he leaves;
Though exalted to his throne,
Still he calls mankind his own:

4 And—though parted from our sight,
Far above yon azure height,—
Still his gracious lips bestow
Blessings on his church below.

5 Master,—would our spirits say,—
Taken from the world away,
Thy devoted servants see,
Ever gazing up to thee.

- 6 Upward let us constant move,
Wafted on the wings of love ;
There we shall with him remain,
Partners of his endless reign.
-

HYMN 78.—L. M.

A Propitious Gale longed for.

- A**T anchor laid, remote from home,
Toiling, I cry, "sweet Spirit, come ;
"Celestial breeze" no longer stay,
"But swell my sails, and speed my way.

- 8 "Fain would I mount, fain would I glow,
"And loose my cable from below ;
"But I can only spread my sail ;
"Thou, thou must breathe th' auspicious
gale !"
-

HYMN 79.—S. M.

Compassion.

- D**ID Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry ?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

- 2 The Son of God in tears,
Angels with wonder see !
Be thou astonish'd O my soul,
He shed those tears for thee,

- 3 He wept that we might weep,
Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.
-

HYMN 80.—3, 7, 4s.

Sinners entreated to hear.

- S**INNERS, will you scorn the message,
Sent in mercy from above?
Every sentence—O how tender!
Every line is full of love;
Listen to it—
Every line is full of love.

- 2 Hear the heralds of the Gospel,
News from Zion's king proclaim,
To each rebel sinner—"Pardon,
"Free forgiveness in his name."
How important!
Free forgiveness in his name.
- 3 Tempted souls, they bring you succor;
Fearful hearts they quell your fears;
And with news of consolation,
Chase away the falling tears:
Tender heralds—
Chase away the falling tears.

- 4 False professors, grovelling worldlings,
Callous hearers of the word,
While the messengers address you,
Take the warnings they afford;
We entreat you,
Take the warnings they afford.
- 5 Who hath our report believed ?
Who receiv'd the joyful word ?
Who embrac'd the news of pardon,
Offer'd to you by the Lord ?
Can you slight it—
Offer'd to you by the Lord !
- 6 O, ye angels, hovering round us,
Waiting spirits, speed your way,
Hasten to the court of heaven,
Tidings bear without delay :
Rebel sinners,
Glad, the message will obey,
-

HYMN 81.—7s.

Humble Adoration.

GRATEFUL notes and numbers bring,
While Jehovah's praise we sing—
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Be thy glorious name adored.

- 2 Though unworthy, let thine ear
Now our humble homage hear ;

Purer praise we hope to bring,
When with saints we stand and sing.

3 Lead us to that blissful state
Where thou reign'st supremely great ;
Look with pity from thy throne,—
Send thy holy spirit down.

5 While on earth ordained to stay,
Guide our footsteps in thy way
Till we come to reign with thee,
And thy glorious greatness see.

5 Then with angel harps again
We will make a nobler strain,
There in joyful songs of praise,
Our triumphant voices raise.

6 There no tongue shall silent be,
All shall join in harmony ;
'That through heaven's all-spacious round
Praise to thee may ceaseless sound.

HYMN 82.—P. M.

The Family Bible.

HOW painfully pleasing the fond recol-
lection
Of youthful emotions and innocent joy,

When blest with parental advice and affection,
Surrounded with mercies, with peace from on high.
I still view the chair of my sire and my mother,
The seats of their offspring as rang'd on each hand,
And that richest book which excels every other,
That family Bible which lay on the stand.
The old fashioned Bible, the dear blest Bible,
The family Bible, that lay on the stand.

- 2 That Bible, the volume of God's inspiration
At morn and at evening could yield us delight,
The prayer of our sire was a sweet invocation,
For mercy by day, and safety through night.
Our hymns of thanksgiving with harmony swelling,
All warm from the heart of a family band,
Half rais'd us from earth to that rapturous dwelling,

Describ'd in the Bible that lay on the
stand,
'The old fashioned Bible, &c.

3 Ye scenes of tranquility long have we
parted,
My hopes almost gone, and my parents
no more ;
In sorrow and sadness I live broken
hearted,
And wander unknown on a fair distant
shore ;
Yet how can I doubt a dear Saviour's
protection,
Forgetful of gifts from his bountiful
hand ;
Oh ! let me with patience receive his
correction,
And think of the Bible that lay on the
stand.
'The old fashioned Bible, &c.

HYMN 83.—S. M.

THE day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear ;
O may we all remember well
The day of death draws near.

2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest ;

So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what we here possess.

3 Lord keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears ;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

4 And if we early rise,
And view th' unwearied sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.

5 And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
O may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

HYMN 84.—P. M.

FAREWELL dear friends, I must be
gone,
I have no home to stay with you ;
I'll take my staff and travel on,
Till I a better world do view,
Farewell, farewell, farewell,
My loving friends farewell.

2 Farewell, my friends, time rolls along,
Nor waits for mortal's care or bliss ;

I leave you here and travel on,
Till I arrive where Jesus is.

Farewell, &c.

3 Farewell my brethren in the Lord,
To you I'm bound in cords of love ;
Yet we believe his gracious word,
'That soon we all shall meet above.

Farewell, &c.

4 Farewell, old soldiers of the cross,
You've struggled long and hard for
 heav'n ;
You've counted all things here but
 dross ;
Fight on, the crown shall soon be
 given.

Farewell, &c.

5 Farewell, ye blooming sons of God,
Sore conflicts yet await for you ;
Yet dauntless keep the heavenly road,
Till Canaan's happy land you view.

Farewell, &c.

6 Farewell, poor careless sinners too,
It grieves my heart to leave you here ;

Eternal vengeance waits for you ;
O turn and find salvation near,
O turn, O turn, O turn,
And find salvation near.

HYMN. 85—H. M.

Delight in Public Worship.

LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thine earthly temples are !
To thine abode
My heart aspires,
With warm desires
To see my God.

2 O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear !
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there !
They praise thee still ;
And happy they
Who love the way
To Zion's hill,

3 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,

Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears :

O glorious seat,
When God our King
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet !

HYMN 86.—L.M.

NOW in a song of grateful praise
To my dear Lord my voice I'll raise,
With all the saints I'll join to tell
My Jesus hath done all things well.

2 All worlds his gracious power confess,
His wisdom all his works express ;
But O, his love, what tongue can tell !
My Jesus hath done all things well.

3 I spurn'd his grace, I broke his laws,
But yet he undertook my cause,
To save me though I did rebel ;
My Jesus hath done all things well.

4 At last my soul has known his love,
What mercy has he made me prove !
Mercy which doth all praise excell ;
My Jesus hath done all things well.

- 5 If e'er my Saviour and my God
Did on me lay his chast'ning rod,
I knew whatever me befel,
My Jesus would do all things well.
- 6 Though many a fiery flaming dart
Be aim'd to wound me to the heart ;
With this I all their rage expel,
My Jesus hath done all things well.
- 7 Oft time my Lord his face did hide,
To make me pray or kill my pride,
Yet on my mind he still doth dwell,
My Jesus hath done all things well.
- 8 Soon shall I pass the vale of death,
And in his arms resign my breath ;
Then, then, my happy soul shall tell,
My Jesus hath done all things well.
- 9 And when to that bright world I rise,
And join sweet seraphs in the skies,
Above the rest this note shall swell,
My Jesus hath done all things well.

HYMN 87.—L. M.

Praise to the Creator.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy ;
Know that the Lord is God alone ;
He can create, and he destroy.

2 His sovereign word, which all things
made,
Gave life to clay, and formed us men:
And when like wandering sheep we
strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We are his people, we his care,
Our nobler and our meaner frame :
What lasting honors can we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name?

4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful
songs ;
High as the heavens our voices raise ;
And earth, with her ten thousand
tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding
praise.

Wide as the world is thy command ;
Vast as eternity thy love ;
Firm as thy throne thy truth will
stand,
When rolling years shall cease to
move.

HYMN 88.—L. M.

Universal Praise.

CELESTIAL worlds ! your Maker's
name

Resounds through every shining coast ;
Our God a nobler praise will claim,
Where he unfolds his glories most.

2 Stupendous globe of flaming day !
Praise him in thy sublime career ;
He struck from night the peerless ray,
Gave thee thy path, and guides thee
there.

3 Ye starry lamps, to whom 'tis given
Night's sable horrors to illume,
Praise him who hung you in yon
heaven,
With vivid fires to gild the gloom.

4 Lightnings, that round th' Eternal
play!

Thunders, that from his arm are
hurled!

The grandeur of your God convey,
Blazing, or bursting on the world.

5 From clime to clime, from shore to
shore,

Be the almighty God adored:

He made the nations by his power,

And rules them with his sovereign
word.

6 At once let nature's ample round
To God the vast thanksgiving raise:
His high perfection knows no bound.
But fills immensity of space.

HYMN 89.—7 & 6.

COME, my brethren, let us try,
For a little season,
Every burden to lay by,
Come, and let us reason.

2 What is this that casts you down?
What is this that grieves you?

Speak, and let the worst be known,
Speaking may relieve you.

3 Think on what your Saviour bore
In the gloomy garden ;
Sweating blood from every pore,
Crying, " O my father."

4 See him nailed to the tree,
Bleeding, groaning, dying ;
See, he suffer'd this for thee,
Therefore be believing.

5 Joseph took his body down,
Shrouded it in linen
Laid it in the silent tomb,
And returned mourning.

6 Soon he's raised from the tomb,
Angels fly from glory :
O what glory shone around !
Hallelujah, glory.

7 Brethren, don't you feel the flame ?
Sisters, don't you love him ?

Let us join to praise his name.
Let us never grieve him.

- 8 Soon we'll meet to part no more,
Soon we'll be in heaven,
There to join with those above,
And forever praise him.
-

HYMN 90.—L. M.

ART thou to seriousness inclin'd—
Ask, and I'll solemnize thy mind !
Dost thou want love to Jesus' name,
Ask, and it will thy heart inflame.

- 2 Dost thou want peace and pardon
seal'd,
Ask, for they wait to be reveal'd ;
Dost thou want faith and holy fear,
Ask, for behold the blessing's near.

- 3 Dost thou want strength 'gainst sin
to fight,
Ask, and I'll give thee heavenly
might :
Dost thou want light and life divine,
Ask, and eternal life is thine.

- 4 Wilt thou be made completely whole,
Ask, and I'll renovate thy soul :
This instant ask ; arise and pray :
Lose not such blessings by delay.
-

HYMN 91.—C.M.

Highway to Zion.

SING, ye redeemed of the Lord,
Your great deliverer sing,
Pilgrims, for Zion's city bound,
Be joyful in your King.

- 2 See the fair way his hand has rais'd,
How holy, and how plain !
Nor shall the simplest trav'ler err,
Nor ask the track in vain.

- 3 Nor ravening lion shall destroy,
Nor lurking serpent wound ;
Pleasure and safety, peace and praise,
'Thro' all the path are found.

- 4 A hand Divine shall lead you on,
Through all the blissful road ;
'Till to the sacred mount you rise,
And see your smiling God.

- 5 These garlands of immortal joy
Shall bloom on every head ;
While sorrow, sighing, and distress,
Like shadows all are fled.
- 6 March on in your Redeemer's strength ;
Pursue his footsteps still ;
And let the prospect cheer your eye,
While laboring up the hill.
-

HYMN 92.—L. M.

- Y**E virgins of Jesus arise,
Nor slumber like fools in your camps
Like virgins of old that were wise,
Take plenty of oil with your lamps.
- 2 The bridegroom will shortly appear,
And with a loud voice make his call ;
Then if you must go to prepare,
The door will be shut on you all.
- 3 Say not unto others give oil, [out ;
Our lamps, while we slept have gone
Not so ; that would others despoil,
And plunge them in darkness and doubt.

- 4 Let ev'ry one look out in time,
His vessel with grace wisely fill;
In season his soul then may climb,
To mansions in Zion's fair hill.
-

HYMN 93.—P. M.

LET thy kingdom, blessed Saviour,
Come and bid our jarrings cease,
Come, O come, and reign forever,
God of love, and prince of peace;
Visit now thy precious Zion,
Hear thy people mourn and weep,
Day and night thy lambs are crying,
Come, good Shepherd, feed thy
sheep.

- 2 Some for Paul, some for Apollos,
Some for Cephas—none agree;
Jesus, let us hear thee call us,
Help us, Lord, to follow thee. [hers,
Then we'll rush through what encum-
Over every hindrance leap,
Undismay'd by force or numbers;
Come, good Shepherd, feed thy
sheep.

- 3 Lord, in us there is no merit,
We've been sinners from our youth,
Guide us, Lord by thy good spirit,
Which shall teach us all the truth.
On the Gospel word we'll venture,
Till in death's cold arms we sleep,
Love our Lord and Christ our Saviour,
O, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.
- 4 Come, good Lord, with courage arm
us :
Persecution rages here,
Nothing, Lord, we know can harm us,
While our shepherd is so near ;
Glory, glory, be to Jesus,
At his name our hearts do leap ;
He both comforts us and frees us,
The good Shepherd feeds his sheep.
- 5 Here's the Prince of your salvation,
Saying, Fear not little flock ;
I myself am your foundation,
You are built upon this rock ;
Shun the path of vice and folly,
Scale the mount, although it's steep,
Look to me and be ye holy,
I delight to feed my sheep.

- 6 Christ alone, whose merit saves us,
Taught by him we'll own his name,
Sweetest of all names is Jesus,
How it doth our souls inflame !
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Give him glory, he will keep,
He will clear your way before you,
The good Shepherd feeds his sheep.
-

HYMN 94.—H. M.

The Fountain of Life.

HAIL, everlasting Spring !
Celestial Fountain hail !
Thy streams salvation bring,
The waters never fail :
Still they endure, and still they flow,
For all our woe a sov'reign cure.

- 2 Blest be His wounded side,
And blest his bleeding heart,
Who all in anguish died,
Such favors to impart,
His sacred blood shall make us clean
From ev'ry sin—and fit for God.

- 3 To that dear source of love,
Our souls this day would come :
And thither from above,
Lord, call the nations home ;

That Jew and Greek with rapt'rous songs,
On all their tongues, thy praise may
speak.

HYMN 95.—L. M.

The afflicted Saint.

AFFLICTED saint, to Christ draw near,
The Saviour's gracious promise hear :
His faithful word declares to thee,
That *As thy day thy strength shall be.*

2 Let not thy heart desponding say,
How shall I stand the trying day :
He has declared by firm decree,
That *As thy day thy strength shall be.*

3 Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong,
And if the conflict should be long,
Thy Lord will make the tempter flee ;
Still *As thy day thy strength shall be.*

5 If persecution rage and flame,
Still trust in thy Redeemer's name ;
In fiery trials thou shall see,
That *As thy day thy strength shall be.*

5 When call'd to bear the weighty cross,
Of sore affliction, pain and loss ;

In deep distress and poverty,
Still *As thy day thy strength shall be.*

- 6 When ghastly death appears in view,
Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue ;
He comes to set thy spirit free,
And *As thy day thy strength shall be.*
-

HYMN 96.—P. M.

GLORY to God that I have found the
pearl of my salvation ;
We're marching through Immanuel's
ground up to our heavenly station ;
And I'm resolved to follow on, and never
to forsake him,
I'll always keep the narrow way, till I do
overtake him.

- 2 Fear not, says Christ, ye little flock, heirs,
of immortal glory,
You'r built upon the surest rock, the
kingdom lies before you ;
Fight on, fight on, ye heirs of bliss, and
tell the pleasing story,
I'm always with my little flock, and I'll
bring them home to glory.

HYMN 97.

The Bower of Prayer.

TO leave my dear friends, and with neighbors to part,

And go from my home, affects not my heart

Like the thought of abstaining myself for a day

From that blest retreat, I have chosen to pray ;

I have chosen to pray.

2 Dear bower where the pine and the poplar leaves spread,

And woven their branches a roof o'er my head ;

How oft have I knelt on the ever-green there,

And poured out my soul to my saviour in prayer ;

To my Saviour in prayer.

3 The early shrill notes of a lov'd nightingale

That dwelt in the bower, I observ'd as my bell ;

It called me to duty while birds in the air,

Sung anthems of praises as I went to prayer ;

As I went to prayer.

4 How sweet were the zephyrs, perfum'd
by the pine,
The ivy, the balsam and the wild eglan-
tine ;
But sweeter, O sweeter, superlative were
The joys that I tasted in answer to
prayer ;

In answer to prayer.

6 For Jesus my Saviour oft deigned to
meet,
And blest with his presence my humble
retreat ;
Oft filled me with raptures and blessed-
ness there,
Inditing in heaven's own language my
prayer ;
Own language my prayer.

6 Dear bower I must leave you and bid you
adieu,
And pay my devotions in parts that are
new,
Well knowing my Saviour resides every
where,
And can in all places give answer to
prayer ;
Give answer to prayer.

HYMN 98.—C. M.

The Sailor's Friend.

O THOU who rul'st the stormy deep,
And bidd'st the billows rise ;
By thy command the heaving deep
Ne'er meets the lofty skies.

2 By thy good will our trusty bark
Rides o'er the stormy wave ;
'Thy boundless blessings, Lord, we mark,
And trust in thee to save.

3 Throughout the voyage of life, do thou
Thy boundless mercies send ;
In thee we trust—to thee we bow—
The seaman's God and friend.

HYMN 99.—P. M.

Our God, our Father hear.

WHEN morn awakes our hearts,
To pour the early prayer ;
When toil-worn day departs,
And gives a pause to care ;
When those our souls love best
Kneel with us in thy fear,
To ask thy peace and rest—
Our God, our Father, hear !

2 When worldly snares without,
And evil thoughts within,
Of grace would raise a doubt,
Or lure us back to sin ;
When human strength proves frail,
And will, but half sincere :
When faith begins to fail—
Our God, our Father, hear !

3 When in our cup of mirth
The drop of trembling falls,
And the frail drops of earth
Are crumbling round our walls ;
When back we gaze with grief,
And forward glance with fear ;
When faileth man's relief—
Our God, our Father, hear !

4 And when death's awful hand
Unbars the gate of Time,
Eternity's dim land
Disclosing, dread, sublime ;
When flesh and spirit quake
Before Thee to appear—
O, then for Jesus' sake,
Our God, our Father, hear !

HYMN 100.—P. M.

CHRISt hath a table richly spread,
With living water, wine and bread ;

Come, all ye needy, come and buy,
If you would live with Christ on high.

2 His blood was shed for you and me,
When he expir'd upon the tree;
See what the Saviour did endure,
To make his great salvation sure.

3 And since in Adam all have died,
In Christ we may be justified :
All who repent and do believe,
Eternal life they shall receive.

HYMN 101.—C. M.

HUMILITY, that heavenly grace,
How it exalts the saint !
Though he may often seem abas'd,
The spirit does not faint.

2 The scripture says, if we would be
Exalted by the Lord,
We must have true humility
'To make our passions chord.

3 To Jacob's God I now will seek
For purity of soul :
Lord make me holy, humble, meek,
And all my heart control.

HYMN 102.--C. M.

A Marriage Hymn.

SINCE Jesus freely did appear
To grace a marriage feast,
Dear Lord, we ask thy presence here,
To make a wedding guest.

2 Upon the bridal pair look down,
Who now have plighted hands,
Their union with thy favor crown,
And bless the nuptial bands.

3 With gifts of grace their hearts endow,
Of all rich dowries best ;
Their substance bless, and peace bes-
To sweeten all the rest. [tow,

4 In purest love their souls unite,
That they with christian care,
May make domestic burthens light,
By taking mutual share.

5 As Isaac and Rebecca gave
A pattern chaste and kind ;
So may this married couple live,
And die in friendship join'd.

- 6 And when that solemn hour shall
 come,
 And life's short space be o'er ;
May they in triumph reach that home
 Where they shall part no more.
-

HYMN 103— C. M.

Spring.

WHEN verdure clothes the fertile
 vale,
And blossoms deck the spray:
A fragrance breathes in every gale,
How sweet the vernal day !

- 2 Hark ! how the feathered warblers
 sing !
'Tis nature's cheerful voice ;
Soft music hails the lovely spring,
And woods and fields rejoice.

- 3 How kind the influence of the skies !
The showers, with blessings fraught,
Bid virtue, beauty fragrance rise,
And fix the roving thought.

- 4 Then let my wondering heart confess,
With gratitude and love,

The bounteous hand that deigns to
bless

The garden, field, and grove.

5 That bounteous Hand my thoughts
adore,

Beyond expression kind,
Hath better, nobler gifts in store,
To bless the craving mind.

6 O God of nature and of grace,
Thy heavenly gifts impart ;
Then shall my meditation trace
Spring, blooming in my heart.

7 Inspir'd to praise, I then shall join
Glad nature's cheerful song :
And love and gratitude divine
Attune my joyful song.

HYMN 104.—C. M.

Seed in different Grounds.

YE sons of earth, prepare the plough,
Break up your fallow ground :
The sower is gone forth to sow,
And scatter blessings round.

- 2 The seed that finds a stony soil,
Shoots forth a hasty blade ;
But ill repays the sow's toil,
Soon wither'd, scorch'd, and dead.
- 3 'The thorny ground is sure to balk
All hopes of harvest there ;
We find a tall and sickly stalk,
But not the fruitful ear.
- 4 The beaten path and highway side
Receive the trust in vain ;
'The watchful birds the prey divide,
And pick up all the grain.
- 5 But where the Lord of grace and power
Has bless'd the happy field ;
How plenteous is the golden store,
'The deep wrought furrows yield !
- 6 Father of mercies, we have need
Of thy preparing grace ;
Let the same hand that gives the seed,
Provide a fruitful place.

HYMN 105.—P. M.

The Convert.

O HOW happy are they,
Who the Saviour obey,

And have laid up their treasure above !
Tongue can never express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love ?

2 That sweet comfort was mine,
When the favor divine
I first found in the blood of the Lamb ;
When at first I believ'd,
What a joy I receiv'd,
What a heaven in Jesus' name !

3 'Twas a heaven below,
My Redeemer to know :
And the angels could do nothing more,
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus all the day long,
Was my joy and my song ;
O that all his salvation might see ;
He hath lov'd me, I cry'd,
He hath suffer'd and di'd
To redeem such a rebel as me.

5 On the wings of his love,
I was carri'd above,
All my sin, and temptation and pain ;
And I could not believe

That I ever should grieve,
That I ever should suffer again.

6 I then rode on the sky,
 Freely justify'd I,
Nor did envy Elijah his seat ;
 My glad soul mounted higher,
 In a chariot of fire,
And the world it was under my feet.

7 O! the rapturous height
 Of that holy delight,
Which I felt in the life-giving blood !
 Of my Saviour possess,
 I was perfectly blest,
And was fill'd with the fulness of God.

HYMN 106.—P. M.

The fall of Babylon.

COME brethren let us join and sing
The growing empire of our King,
Who spilt his precious blood ;
His life a ransom gave for all, [thrall,
That he might save our souls from
And bring us home to God.

2 He rides victorious through the land,
His saints rejoice, his heralds stand,

And they aloud do call ;
Sinners repent, to Jesus fly,
While he in mercy passes by,
And offers grace to all.

3 The work of God is going on,
Souls daily flee from Babylon,
And on the Lord do call:
Old formalists with wonder gaze,
And Babel's Merchants stand amaz'd
To see their mother fall,

4 The wilderness doth sweetly ring
With pray'rs and praises to the King,
Who sits on Zion's hill,
The towns and cities hear the voice,
The sinners mourn, the saints rejoice,
With praise the streets are fill'd.

5 Ride on all conquering King, ride on,
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done,
Let heaven and earth agree,
To sound aloud thy worthy fame.
'Till all our souls shall be on flame,
To rise and reign with thee.

HYMN 107.—C. M.

*The Hope of Heaven our Support under
Trials on earth.*

WHEN I can read my title clear,
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to ev'ry fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wide deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall ;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my Heaven, my All.

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul,
In seas of heav'nly rest ;
And not a wave of trouble roll,
Across my peaceful breast.

HYMN 108.—P. M.

JESUS, at thy command,
I launch into the deep ;
And leave my native land,
Where sin lulls all asleep,
For thee I would the world resign,
And sail to heaven with thee and
thine.

2 Thou art my pilot wise ;
My compass is thy word ;
My soul each storm defies,
While I have such a Lord !
I trust thy faithfulness and power,
To save me in the trying hour.

3 Tho' rocks and quicksands deep,
Through all my passage lie,
Yet Christ will safely keep
And guide me with his eye :
My anchor, hope, shall firm abide,
And ev'ry boisterous storm outride.

4 By faith I see the land,
The port of endless rest ;
My soul thy sails expand,
And fly to Jesus' breast !

May I reach the heavenly shore,
Where wind and waves distress no
more.

5 Whene'er be calm'd I lie,
And storms forbear to toss :
Be thou, dear Lord, still nigh,
Lest I should suffer loss ;
For more the treach'rous calm I dread,
Than tempests bursting o'er my head.

6 Come, holy Ghost, and blow
A prosperous gale of grace ;
Waft me from all below,
To heaven my destin'd place ;
Then in full sail my port I'll find,
And leave the world and sin behind.

HYMN 109.—H. M.

Sabbath Morning.

WELCOME, delightful morn,
Thou day of sacred rest ;
I hail thy kind return,
Lord make these moments blest.
From the low train of mortal toys,
I soar to reach immortal joys.

2 Now may the King descend,
And fill his throne of grace ;
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
While saints address thy face :
Let sinners feel thy quick'ning word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

2 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers ;
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless the sacred hours ;
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor Sabbath's be indulg'd in vain.

HYMN 110.—P. M.

FROM the regions of love,
Lo ! an angel descended,
And told the blest news
How the babe was attended ;
Go, shepherds and visit
This wondrous stranger,
With wonder and joy
See your Christ in the manger.

CHORUS.

Hallelujah to the Lamb,
Through whom we've obtain'd par-
don,

We'll praise him again,
When we pass over Jordan.

2 Glad tidings I bring
To you and each nation ;
Glad tidings of joy,
Now behold your salvation ;
When sudden a multitude
Raise their glad voices,
And shout the Redeemer,
While heaven rejoices.

3 Now glory to God
In the highest is given,
Now glory to God
Is re-echoed through heaven ;
Around the whole earth
Let us tell the glad story,
And sing of his love,
His salvation and glory,

4 Enraptur'd I rise
With delight and desire :
Such love so divine,
Sets my soul all on fire ;
Around the blest throne
Hosannas are ringing,

O when shall I join them
And ever be singing !

- 5 Triumphantly ride
In thy chariot victorious,
And conquer with love ;
O Jeus all glorious !
Thy banner unfurl :
Let the nations surrender
And own thee their Saviour,
Their king and defender.
-

HYMN 111.—7 & 6.

Encouragement to Christians.

THE won'drous love of Jesus,
From doubts and fears he frees us,
With pitying eyes he sees us
A toiling here below ;
Through tribulation driven.
We make our way to heaven ;
By consolation given,
Rejoicing on we go.

- 2 Companions now distressed,
By Satan sore oppressed,
Cheer up, you'll be delivered,
Your Captain is at hand ;

In ev'ry trying hour
He'll save you by his power,
And bring you safe to heaven,
To Canaan's happy land.

3 O ! yonder is the glory !
It is but just before you,
And there we'll tell the story
Of Christ's redeeming love;
And there we shall forever
Drink of the flowing River,
Forever and forever
Surround the throne above.

4 All in the blooming garden
Of Eden, gained by pardon ;
Beyond the floods of Jordan
We'll praise the great I AM ;
And sing the song of Moses,
While Jesus sweet composes,
The song that never closes,
Sing praises to the LAMB.

HYMN 112.—3 & 7.

My soul's Experience.

I'LL sing a song which doth belong
To all the people round me ;

I'll spread the fame of Jesus' name,
And tell how Jesus found me.
'Twas in distress and wickedness,
These words he spake unto me :
" O sinner, come, in me there's room,
Oh how these things ran through me !

2 I was like Paul, who was call'd Saul,
In bitter persecution :
I did disdain being born again ;
I call'd it all delusion.
I fought the saints without restraint,
Too proud to cry for mercy :
Conviction strong did come along ;
Oh how these things did pierce me !

3 I did not know which way to go ;
My sins were like a mountain,
All fill'd with woe, the tears did flow ;
My head was like a fountain.
I thought I'd been so long in sin,
I could not be forgiven ;
Then Jesus came, O bless his name !
And fill'd my soul with heaven.

4 I rais'd my voice, and did rejoice,
Sang glory, glory, glory.

Then I did learn Jesus was mine :
O what a pleasing story !
I love the lord, I love his word,
I love all those around me :
Then brethren dear, don't it appear,
That Jesus Christ has found me ;

5 Come, sinners, now to Jesus bow,
While grace is offer'd to you,
Come as you are, to Christ repair,
Or sin will quite undo you.
With lovely charms, and open arms,
Now Jesus will receive you,
Come, sinners, come, in him there's
room,
And Jesus Christ will save you.

HYMN 113.—L. M.

YOUNG people all attention give,
While I address you in God's
name,
Ye, who in sin and folly live,
Come hear the counsels of a friend.

2 I've sought for bliss in glittering toys,
And rang'd the luring scenes of vice,

But neverknew substantial joys,
Until I heard my Saviour's voice.

3 He spake at once my sins forgiven,
And took my load of guilt away,
He gave me glory, peace and heaven,
And thus I found the heavenly way.

4 And now, with trembling sense I
view
The billows roll beneath your feet,
For death eternal waits for you,
Who slight the force of gospel truth.

5 Youth, like the spring, will soon be
gone,
By fleeting time, or conquering death,
Your morning sun may set at noon,
And leave you ever in the dark.

6 Your sparkling eyes and blooming
cheeks,
Must wither like the blasted rose,
The coffin, muffler, winding sheet,
Will soon your active limbs enclose.

- 7 Ye heedless ones, that wildly stroll,
The grave will soon become your
bed,
Where silence reigns and vapors roll
In solemn darkness round your head.
- 8 Your friends will pass the lonesome
place,
And with a sigh move slow along,
Still gazing on the spires of grass,
With which your graves are over-
grown.
- 9 Your souls will land in darker realms,
Where vengeance reigns, and billows
roar,
And roll amid the burning flames,
When thousand, thousand years are
o'er.
- 10 Still sunk in shades of endless night
To groan and gasp in ceaseless pain,
And never more behold the light,
And never, never rise again.
- 11 Ye blooming youth this is the state
Of all who do free grace refuse ;

And soon with you 'twill be too late,
The way of life is Christ to choose.

- 12 Come, lay your carnal weapons by,
No longer fight against your God,
But with the Gospel now comply,
And heaven shall be your great reward.
-

HYMN 114.—C. M.

Christ the Believer's song.

THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,
We love to hear of thee ;
No music's like thy charming name,
Nor half so sweet can be.

- 2 O may we ever hear thy voice,
In mercy to us speak ;
And in our Priest will we rejoice,
'The great Melchisedeck.

- 3 Our Jesus shall be still our theme,
While in this world we stay ;
We'll sing our Jesus's lovely name,
When all things else decay.

- 4 When we appear in yonder cloud,
With all the favor'd throng ;
Then will we sing more sweet, more
loud,
And Christ shall be our song.
-

HYMN 115.—C. M.

A prospect of Heaven makes death easy.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign ;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-with'ring flow'rs ;
Death like a narrow sea divides
This heav'nly land from ours.

- 3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling
flood,
Stand drest in living green ;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

- 4 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,

And linger, shiv'ring on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise—
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbeckoned eyes :

6 Could we but climb where Moses
stood.
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold
flood,
Should fright us from the shore,

HYMN 116.—C. M.

ARISE, my soul, to Pisgah's height,
And view the promis'd land ;
And see by faith the glorious sight,
Our heritage at hand.

2 A land where pure enjoyments dwell
And blessings most divine ;
Where saints their highest notes shall
swell,
And in bright glory shine.

- 3 There endless springs of pleasure flow,
At my Redeemer's side,
For all who live in faith below,
And in their Lord confide.
- 4 For Salem's dazzling gates are seen,
Just o'er the narrow flood ;
And fields adorn'd in living green,
The residence of God.
- 5 O could I cross rough Jordan's wave,
No danger would I fear,
My bark would every danger brave,
For O, my Shepherd's near.
- 6 T' enrich my soul with fresh supplies,
Of faith, and hope, and love ;
With courage, then I'll win the prize,
And reign with him above.
- 7 Tho' death's cold waves compass me
round,
And heavy tempests roar ;
My little bark in safety's found,
For Jesus guides me o'er.
- 8 Should storms of grief and sorrow
blow,

Ont his devoted breast,
My Saviour's love shall guard me
through,
To everlasting rest.

9 In him I live, in him I move,
My only sure defence;
The source of sweet redeeming love,
My only recompense.

10 My conflicts here shall soon be past
Where wild distraction reigns,
Through toils and death I'll reach at
last,
Fair Canaan's happy plains.

11 The lamp of life will soon grow pale,
The spark will soon decay;
And then my happy soul shall sail
To everlasting day.

HYMN 117.—C. M.

Inconstancy in the Christian life lamented.

PERPETUAL Source of light and
We hail thy sacred name; [grace
'Through every year's revolving round
Thy goodness is the same.

- 2 On us, unworthy as we are,
Its wondrous mercy pours ;
Sure as the heaven's established
course,
And plenteous as the showers.
- 3 Inconstant service we repay,
And treacherous vows renew ;
Which pass away as morning clouds,
And as the early dew.
- 4 Low at thy feet our guilt we mourn,
And ask thy constant grace,
To bear our feeble footsteps on,
In all thy righteous ways.
- 5 Armed with this energy divine,
Our souls shall constant prove,
And with increasing transport press
On to thy courts above.
- 6 So, by thy power, the morning sun
Pursues his radiant way,
Brightens each moment in his race,
And shines to perfect day.

HYMN 118.—C. M.

The inward life of the Christian.

O HAPPY soul that lives on high,
While men lie grovelling here !
His hopes are fixed above the sky,
And faith forbids his fear.

- 2 His conscience knows no secret stings
While grace and joy combine
To form a life, whose holy springs
Are hidden and divine.
- 3 He waits in secret on his God ;
His God in secret sees ;
Let earth be all in arms abroad,
He dwells in heavenly peace.
- 4 His pleasures rise from things unseen,
Beyond this world and time ;
Where neither eyes nor ears have
been,
Nor thoughts of mortals climb.
- 5 He wants no pomp nor royal throne
To raise his honors here ;
Content and pleased to live unknown,
Till Christ, his life, appear.-

HYMN 119.—P. M.

The Weary Traveller.

COME all ye weary travellers,
Now let us join and sing,
The everlasting praises,
Of Jesus our great King.
We've had a tedious journey,
And tiresome 'tis true?
But see how many dangers,
The Lord has brought us through.

2 At first when Jesus found us,
He called us unto him,
And pointed out the danger,
Of falling into sin.
The world, the flesh and Satan,
Would prove a hurtful snare,
Unless we did reject them
By faith and humble prayer.

3 But by our disobedience,
With sorrow we confess,
We have had long to wander
In a dark wilderness,
Where we might long have fainted,
In that enchanted ground,
But now and then a cluster
Of pleasant grapes we found.

4 The pleasant fruits of Canaan,
Give life and joy and peace,
Revive our drooping spirits,
And love and strength increase ;
To own our Lord and Master,
And run at his command,
And hasten on our journey
Unto the promis'd land.

5 In faith, and hope, and patience,
We often do rejoice,
And Jesus and his people,
Forever are our choice.
In peace and consolation,
We now are going on,
The pleasant road to Canaan,
Where Jesus Christ has gone.

9 Sinners why stand ye idle,
While we thus march along,
Has Jesus never told you
That you are going wrong,
We're sorry thus to leave you,
We' rather you would go ;
Come try a bleeding Saviour,
And see what love can do.

- 7 Now to the King immortal,
Be everlasting praise,
For in his holy service,
We long to spend our days,
Till we arrive at Canaan,
The glorious world above,
With everlasting wonder,
To sing redeeming love.
-

HYMN 120.—C. M.

Servants of God always safe.

HOW are thy servants bless'd, O
How sure is their defence: [Lord,
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help Omnipotence.

- 2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care :
Thro' burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe the tainted air.
- 3 When by the dreadful tempest borne:
High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

- 4 The storm is laid—the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will :
The sea that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.
- 5 In midst of dangers, fears and death,
Thy goodness we'll adore ;
We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.
- 6 Our life, while thou preserv'st that
Thy sacrifice, shall be ; [life,
And death, when death shall be our
Shall join our souls to thee. [lot,

HYMN 121.—P. M.

A FOUNTAIN in Jesus which runs
always free,
For washing and cleansing such sin-
ners as we !
Our sins, though like crimson, made
white as the wool,
No lack in the fountain, but always is
full.

- 2 All things now are ready, he invites us
to come,

The supper is made by the Father &
Son ;

Rich bounties, rich dainties, here we
may receive,

A living forever, if we will believe.

3 The guests which were bidden, refused
the call ;

For they were not ready nor willing
at all

To be stripp'd of their honor, and part
with their store,

For a feast that was given and made
for the poor.

4 If they are not ready, and wish to de-
lay,

My house shall be filled the Father
doth say ;

The highways and hedges, the halt
and the blind,

Shall come and be welcome, the Sup-
per is mine.

5 He decks us with jewels, and rings of
rich kind ;

A garment not woven, but richly re-
fin'd ;

Redeemed by Jesus, made heirs with
the King,
A plan of the Father, in Glory to sing.

HYMN 122.—7s.

Love to God and Man.

FATHER of our feeble race,
Wise, beneficent, and kind,
Spread o'er nature's ample face,
Flows thy goodness unconfined :
Musing in the silent grove ;
Or the busy walks of men,
Still we trace thy wondrous love,
Claiming large returns again.

2 LORD what offering shall we bring,
At thine altars when we bow ?
Hearts, the pure unsullied spring,
Whence the kind affections flow,
Soft compassion's feeling soul,
By the melting eye expressed ;
Sympathy, at whose control
Sorrow leaves the wounded breast.

3 Willing hands to lead the blind,
Bind the wounded, feed the poor ;
Love, embracing all our kind,

Charity, with liberal store :
Teach us, O thou heavenly King,
Thus to show our grateful mind,
Thus th' accepted offering bring,
Love to thee, and all mankind.

HYMN 123.—C. M.

To the Messengers of the Gospel.

ALL ye who stand on Zion's hill,
Salvation to proclaim,
May you, your Master's word fulfil,
By trusting in his name.

2 O may you onward gently move,
With Christ's commission clear,
And ever by your doctrine prove,
Your faith and humble fear.

3 The word of truth may you divide,
To each a portion give ;
That hungry souls may be supplied,
And by the truth may live.

4 But let your faithful mem'ry still
This sacred truth retain ;
Except the Lord the house shall build,
The lab'ers work in vain.

- 5 Let not self-love, that subtle foe,
Within your hearts abide;
That naught but Jesus, you may
know,
And Jesus crucified.
- 6 And when you're called to engage
In battle for the Lord,
With holy fear the war you'll wage,
Still trusting in his word.
- 7 And if you doubt your mission's true,
Like holy Gideon try,
While night distils the heav'nly dew,
The fleece both wet and dry,
- 8 The gospel trumpet then you'll blow
With confidential fear,
The foes of Zion then will know,
That Israel's God is near.
- 9 And in confusion leave the camp,
The unbelieving heart,
Unable to withstand the lamp,
The grace of God imparts.

- 10 Then Zion's King will enter in,
And his own right assert,
Since by his grace the victory's won,
Which does the soul convert.
-

HYMN 124.—L. M.

INSPIRE my heart, inflame my tongue
To sound the great Emmanuel's
praise ;

O for a more exalted song,
Than human tongues can ever
raise.

- 2 Who can recount his noble deeds,
Or comprehend his mighty power ?
His love our highest thought exceeds
When we in rapture him adore.

- 3 His mercy stands forever sure,
His truth, it is forever bright ;
His righteousness, he will secure
To all who come to him aright.

- 4 Come then, ye poor distressed souls,
Who feel your sins a heavy load ;
For you, his mercy ever rolls ;

Come, to your Saviour, and your
God.

- 5 Renounce the world, its tinsel glare,
And raise your hearts to things
above ;
His highest blessing you will share,
And feel and know his pardoning
love,
- 6 Your heart is all that he requires,
O give it, then, without reserve,
With all your thoughts, and your de-
sires,
Your heav'nly Father love and
serve. •
- 7 His easy service is delight,
The just he surely will reward ;
He will our hearts to him unite,
If we his precepts do regard.

HYMN 125.—C. M.

TIS from afar the Lord beholds
The souls of lofty mind,
Whilst he his richest grace unfolds,
To those who are resign'd.

- 2 He is a sun and he a shield,
Unto his chosen ones ;
And every cloud shall be dispell'd
When we, his will have done.
- 3 Yea, grace and glory he will give
To all, who trust in him ;
Who in uprightness daily live,
And walk averse to sin.
- 4 Why, then dear Lord, am I so dull,
So lifeless and so cold ?
Since thou art my eternal all,
Thy charms to me unfold.
- 5 Give me to see thy smiling face,
And cause thy light to shine ;
Send forth thy power of quick'ning
grace,
And make me wholly thine.
- 6 Give me that pure and humble mind,
Which doth thy grace insure,
Which makes me to thy will resign'd,
And I will ask no more.

HYMN 126.—8 & 7.

Gloom of Autumn.

HAIL, ye sighing sons of sorrow,
View with me th' autumnal gloom ;
Learn from thence your fate to-morrow !
Dead, perhaps, laid in the tomb !
See all nature fading, dying,
Silent all things seem to mourn ;
Life from vegetation flying,
Brings to mind the mould'ring urn.

2 Oft autumnal tempests rising,
Make the lofty forest nod ;
Scenes of nature, how surprising !
Read in nature, nature's God.
See the God, the great Creator,
Lives eternal in the sky,
While we mortals yield to nature,
Bloom a while, then fade and die.

3 Death and war my mind depresses,
Autumn shows me my decay ;
Brings to mind my past distresses,
Warns me of a dying day.
Autumn makes me melancholy,
Strikes dejection through my soul,
While I mourn my former folly,
Waves of sorrow o'er me roll.

4 Lo ! I hear the air resounding
With expiring insect's cries ;
Ah ! the moans, to me how wounding,
Emblems of my wretched sighs !
Hollow winds about are roaring,
Noisy waters round me rise,
While I sit my fate deploring,
'Tears fast streaming from my eyes.

5 What to me are autumn's treasures,
Since I know no earthly joy ?
Long I've lost all youthful pleasures,
Time must youth and health destroy.
Pleasures once I fondly courted,
Shar'd each bliss that youth bestows ;
But to see where then I sported,
Now embitters all my woes ?

6 Age and sorrow since have blasted
Every youthful, pleasing dream ;
Quiv'ring age with youth contrasted,
Oh how short their glories seem !
As the annual frosts are cropping
Leaves and tendrils from the trees,
So my friends are yearly dropping.
Through old age and dire disease.

7 Former friends, how oft I've sought 'em,
Just to cheer my drooping mind ;
But they're gone like leaves in autumn,
Driven before the dreary wind.

When a few more years I've wasted,
When a few more springs are o'er,
When a few more griefs I've tasted,
I shall live *to die no more.*

8 Fast my sun of life's declining,
I must sleep in death's dark night;
But my hope, pure and refining,
Rests in future life and light.
Cease this trembling, fearing, sighing,
Christ will burst the silent tomb;
Then the saints shall, upwards flying,
Rise into immortal bloom !

HYMN 127.—L. M.

The parting hand.

1 My dearest friends, in bonds of love,
Our hearts in sweetest union prove
Your friendship like a drawing band,
Yet, we must take the parting hand.
Your presence sweet, your union dear,
Your words delightful to my ear,
And when I see that we must part,
You draw like cords around my heart.

2 How sweet the hours have pass'd away,
When we have met to sing and pray,
How loth I've been to leave the place,
When Jesus shews his smiling face:
O could I stay with friends so kind,

How would it cheer my strug'ling mind :
But duty makes me understand,
That we must take the parting hand.

3 And since it is God's holy will,
We must be parted for a while,
In sweet submission, all in one,
We'll say, our father's will be done.
Dear fellow youth, in christian ties,
Who seek for mansions in the skies—
Fight on, you'll win that happy shore,
Where parting hands are known no more.

4 How oft I've seen the flowing tears,
And heard you tell your hopes and fears,
Your hearts with love have seem'd to flame,
Which makes me hope we'll meet again.
Ye mourning souls in sad surprise,
Jesus remembers all your cries ;
O taste his grace, in all that land
We'll no more take the parting hand.

HYMN 128.—8 & 7.

Female Pilgrim.

WHITHER goest thou, Pilgrim stran-
ger,
Wand'ring through this lonely vale ?
Know'st thou not 'tis full of danger,
And will not thy courage fail ?

CHORUS.

No ! I'm bound for the kingdom,
Will you go to glory with me ?
Hallelujah, oh ! hallelujah,
I am bound, &c. praise ye the Lord.

- 2 Pilgrim thou hast justly call'd me,
Passing through this waste so wide ;
But no harm will e'er befall me,
While I'm bless'd with such a guide.
- 3 Such a guide ! no guide attends thee,
Thence for thee my fears arise ;
If some guardian power attends thee,
'Tis unseen by mortal eyes.
- 4 'Tis unseen, but still believe me,
Such a guide my steps attend ;
He'll, in ev'ry strait relieve me,
He will guide me to the end.
- 5 Pilgrim, see that stream before thee—
Darkly winding through the vale ;
Should its deadly waves roll o'er thee,
Would not then thy courage fail ?
No, I'm bound, &c.
- 6 No, that stream has nothing frightful,
To its brink my steps I'll bend ;

Thence to plunge 'twill be delightful,
Then my pilgrimage will end.

- 7 Whilst I gaz'd with sight surprising,
Down the stream she plung'd from
sight—
Gazing still—I saw her rising
Like an angel cloth'd with light.

- 8 Cease, my heart, this mourning, crying,
Christ will burst this sullen gloom ;
Soon my spirit, flutt'ring, flying,
Will be borne beyond the tomb ;
For I'm bound, &c.
-

HYMN 129.—8 & 7.

O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness
Look my soul, with wonder gaze,
All the promises do travail
With a glorious day of grace :
Blessed Jubilee,
Let thy glorious morning dawn.

- 2 Let the Indian, let the negro,
Let the rude barbarian see
That divine and glorious conquest,
Once obtain'd on Calvary :
Let the gospel
Fill the world with joy and praise.

- 3 May the glorious day approaching
From Egyptain darkness, dawn,
And the everlasting gospel
Spread abroad thy Holy Name,
All the borders
Of the great Emmanuel's land.
- 4 Fly abroad, thou mighty Saviour,
Win and conquer never cease ;
May thy lasting, wide dominion
Multiply and still increase :
Sway thy sceptre,
Saviour, all the world around.
-

HYMN 130.—L. M.

Not ashamed of Jesus.

JESUS ! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man asham'd of thee !
Asham'd of thee whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless
days !

- 2 Asham'd of Jesus ! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star ;
He sheds the beam of light divine,
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Asham'd of Jesus ! just as soon
Let midnight be asham'd of noon !

'Tis midnight with my soul till he,
Bright morning star, bids darkness flee.

4 Asham'd of Jesus! that dear friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No! when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

5 Asham'd of Jesus! yes I may,
When I've no guilt to wash a way;
No tears to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

6 Till then, nor is my boasting vain,
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;
And O may this my glory be,
That Christ is not asham'd of me.

7 His institutions I will prize,
Take up the cross, the shame despise;
Dare to defend his noble cause,
And yield obedience to his laws.

HYMN 131.—S. M.

COME ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;

Join in a song of sweet accord
And thus surround the throne.

2 Let sorrows of the mind
Be banish'd from the place ;
Religion never was design'd,
To make our pleasures less.

3 Let those now learn to sing,
Who never knew our God ;
And fav'rites of the heav'nly King
Should speak their joys abroad.

4 The God who rules on high,
And thunders when he please,
Who rides upon the stormy sky,
And manages the seas.

5 This pow'rful God is ours,
Our Father and our love ;
He will send down his heav'nly pow'rs
To carry us above.

6 There we shall see his face,
And never, never sin,
There from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.

- 7 Yes and before we rise,
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss,
Should constant joys create.
- 8 The men of grace have found,
Glory begun below,
Celestial fruits on earth'y ground,
From faith and hope may grow.
- 9 The hill of Zion yields,
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heav'nly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.
- 10 Then let our songs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry; [ground
We're marching thro' Immanuel's
To fairer worlds on high.

HYMN 132.—L. M.

THERE seems a voice in every gale,
A tongue in every opening flower,
Which tells, O Lord, the wond'rous tale
Of thy indulgence, love and power.

- 2 The birds that rise on quivering wings,
Appear to hymn their Maker's praise
And all the mingling sounds of spring,
To thee a general pæan raise.
- 3 And shall my voice, great God alone,
Be mute, midst nature's loud acclaim?
No, let my heart with answering tone,
Breathe forth, in praise, thy holy name
- 4 All nature's debt is small to mine,
Thou bads't her being *bounded* be,
But, matchless proof of love divine !
Thou gav'st immortal life to me.
-

HYMN 133.—L. M.

For Fourth of July.

HAIL day of Freedom ! let the beam
Of joy be bright on every brow ;
Let songs swell out o'er hill and stream,
And banners wave in gladness now.

- 2 For Bunker's height no more is red,
Nor Monmouth's plains with heroes
strown ;
Peace o'er our land her wings hath spread,
And Freedom claims it as her own.

- 3 Great God ! through whom the weak are
strong,
The simple wise, the trampled free,
Thy temple gates to-day we throng,
To raise our grateful hymns to Thee.
- 4 Yet, Lord, though slavery's chain is rent,
The baser thrall of sin remains ;
And many a knee to her is bent,
And willing millions wear her chains.
- 5 O be her cruel bondage riven,
And our Redeemer's reign succeed ;
Thus grant us, Lord, the peace of heaven,
And let our land be " free indeed."
-

HYMN 134.—L. M.

GO preach my Gospel, saith the Lord,
Bid the world my grace receive,
He shall be sav'd that trusts my word;
He shall be damn'd that wout believe.

- 2 I'll make your great commission known
And ye shall prove my Gospel true,
By all the works that I have done,
By all the wonders ye shall do.

- 3 Teach all the nations my commands ;
“ I'm with you till the 'world shall
end,
All pow'r is trusted in my hands,
I can destroy, and I defend.”
-

HYMN 135.—L.M.

- J**ESUS shall reign where'er the sun,
Does his successive journeys run ;
His kingdom spreads from shore to
shore.
Till moons shall wax and wane no
more.
- 2 From north to south the princes meet,
To pay their homage at his feet ;
While western empires own their Lord
And savage tribes attend his word.
- 3 To him shall endless pray'r be made,
And endless praises crown his head ;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With ev'ry morning sacrifice.
- 4 People and realms of ev'ry tongue,
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim,
Their early blessings on his name.

HYMN 136.—C. M.

SHEPHERDS rejoice, lift up your eyes
And send your fears away,
News from the regions of the skies—
A Saviour's born to-day.

2 "Jesus, the God whom angels fear,
Com's down to dwell with you ;
To day he makes his entrance here,
But not as monarchs do.

3 "No gold, nor swaddling bands,
Nor royal shining things ;
A manger for his cradle stands ;
And holds the King of Kings.

4 "Go shepherds, where the infant lies,
And see his humble throne ;
With tears of joy in all your eyes
Go, shepherds, kiss the Son."

5 Thus Gabriel sang, and straight around
The heav'nly armies throng ;
They tune their harps to lofty sound
And thus conclude the song.

- 6 "Glory to God that reigns above,
Let peace surround the earth;
Mortals shall know their Maker's love,
At their Redeemer's birth."
- 7 Lord! and shall angels have their song,
And men no tunes to raise?
O may we lose these useless tongues
When we forget to praise!
- 8 Glory to God that reigns above,
That pity'd us forlorn;
We join to sing our Maker's love,
For there's a Saviour born.
-

HYMN 137.—C. M.

WHILE shepherds watch'd their
flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

- 2 "Fear not," said he (for mighty dread
Had seiz'd their troubled mind;)
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind."

- 3 "To you in David's town, this day,
Is born of David's line,
The Saviour who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign.
- 4 "The heavenly babe you there shall
find
To human view display'd,
All meanly wrapp'd in swathing bands
And in a manger laid."
- 5 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appear'd a shining throng
Of angels praising God on high,
And thus address'd their song,
- 6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from heav'n to
men,
Begin and never cease."
-

HYMN 138.— C. M.

ONCE more my soul the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes;
Once more my voice, thy tribute pay
To Him that rules the skies.

- 2 Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the sound ;
Wide as the heavens on which he sits
To turn the seasons round.
- 3 'Tis He supports my mortal frame ;
My tongue shall speak his praise ;
My sins might rouse his wrath to flame
But yet his wrath delays.
- 4 O God! let all my hours be thine,
Whilst I enjoy the light ;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a pleasing night.
-

HYMN 139.—C. M.

LORD, thou wilt hear me when I pray,
I am for ever thine,
I fear before thee all the day,
Nor would I dare to sin.

- 2 And while I rest my weary head,
From cares and business free,
'Tis sweet conversing on my bed
With my own heart and thee.
- 3 I pay this evening sacrifice ;
And when my work is done,

Great God, my faith and hope relies
Upon thy grace alone.

- 4 Thus, with my thoughts compos'd to
peace,
I'll give mine eyes to sleep ;
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
And will my slumbers keep.
-

HYMN 140.—L. M.

SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks & sing!
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth by night.

- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest
No mortal cares shall seize my breast,
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound !

- 3 When grace has purifi'd my heart,
Then I shall share a glorious part,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil to cheer my head.

- 4 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desir'd or wish'd below ;
And ev'ry hour find sweet employ,
In that eternal world of joy.

HYMN 141.—S. M.

WELCOME sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise :
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes !

2 The king himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day ;
Here we may sit and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day in such a place
Where thou, my God, art seen,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days,
Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away,
To everlasting bliss.

HYMN 142.—C. M.

THAT awful day will surely come,
Th' appointed hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my judge
And pass the solemn test.

- 2 Jesus, thou source of all my joys,
Thou ruler of my heart,
How could I bear to hear thy voice,
Pronounce the sound, "depart!"
- 3 The thunder of that awful word,
Would so torment my ear,
'Twould tear my soul asunder Lord,
With most tormenting fear.
- 4 What, to be banish'd from my Lord,
And yet forbid to die!
To linger in eternal pain,
And death forever fly.
- 5 O wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste his love?
-

HYMN 143.—C.M.

MY God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights,

- 2 In darkest shades, if thou appear,
My dawning is begun ;
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And thou my rising sun.
- 3 The op'ning heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
If Jesus show his mercy mine,
And whisper I am his.
- 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay.
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way'
To see and praise my Lord.
- 5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe ;
The wings of love and arms of faith
Would bear me conqu'ror through.
-

HYMN 144.—L. M.

Dedication Hymn.

OF old, O Lord, by cliff or stream,
In glen or mount, thy name was
prais'd,
Creation's works the primal theme
Of Shepherds, as to heaven they gaz'd.

- 2 A nobler song 'twas their's to raise,
From Judah's plains and Bethlehem's
hills—
The star prophetic meets their gaze,
Th' angelic shout their chorus fills.
- 3 "Jesus the Son of God is born!"
A Saviour lives, to rule and bless—
To cheer the fainting and forlorn
And lead in paths of righteousness.
- 4 That Christ is ours—his word our guide;
His bright example be our aim;—
The life he lived, the death he died,
Circle with grace the *Christian* name
- 5 Not ours, our Heavenly Father's will,
Dimly to read in nature's frame—
Not ours to worship on the hill,
Or in the vale, by cliff or stream.
- 6 The *Word Divine* to us is given—
To us a *Messenger* is sent—
This day records in sight of Heaven
The holy ties we here cement.

- 7 Teach us in mutual love to live,
In holy faith and heavenly joy ;
Help us, O God, at once to give
Our willing minds to thine employ.
- 8 Aid us at last—our duty done—
Our hopes all bright—our souls serene
Calmly to meet life's setting sun,
And triumph in earth's closing scene.
-

HYMN 145.—H. M.

- H**ARK! hark!—the notes of joy
Roll o'er the heav'nly plains,
And seraphs find employ
For their sublimest strains ;
Some new delight in heav'n is known;
Loud sing the harps around the throne.
- 2 Hark! Hark! the sounds draw nigh,
The joyful host descend ;
Jesus forsakes the sky,
To earth his footsteps bend :
He comes to bless our fallen race ;
He comes with messages of grace.
- 3 Bear, bear the tidings round;
Let every mortal know
What love in God is found,

What pity he can show ; [roll,
 Ye winds that blow, ye waves that
 Bear the glad news from pole to pole.

- 4 Strike, strike the harps again,
 To great Immanuel's name ;
 Arise, ye sons of men,
 And all his grace proclaim ;
 Angels and men, wake ev'ry string,
 'Tis God, the Saviour's praise we
 sing.
-

ASCRPTIONS & BENEDICTIONS.

HYMN 146.—L. M.

FROM all that dwell below the skies,
 Let the Creator's praise arise !
 Let the Redeemer's name be sung
 Through every land, by every tongue.
 Unceasing are thy mercies, Lord !
 Unchanging truth attends thy word ;
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to
 shore,
 Till suns shall rise and set no more.

HYMN 147.—S. M.

HOSANNAH to the Son
 Of David and of God,

Who brought the news of pardon down,
And bought it with his blood.

- 2 To Christ th' anointed King
Be endless blessings giv'n ;
Let the whole earth his glories sing,
Who made our peace with heav'n.
-

HYMN 148.—L. M.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings
flow,
Praise him, all creatures here below ;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

HYMN 149.—8 & 7s.

LORD! dismiss us with thy blessing,
Hope and comfort from above ;
O might each, thy peace possessing,
Triumph in redeeming love.

- 2 Thanks we give and adoration.
For thy gospel's joyful sound ;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound.

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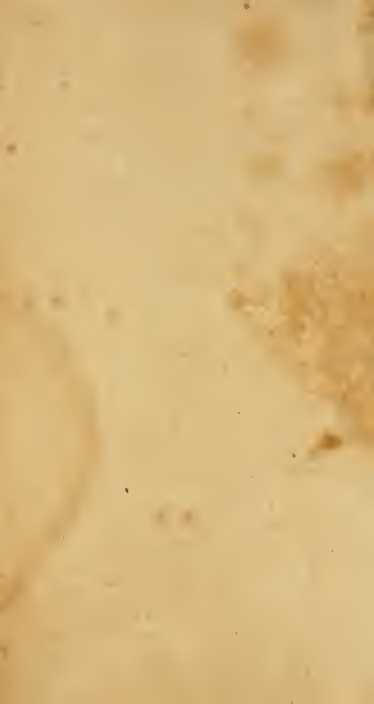
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